The Outlook

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The Outlook

Published Every Saturday

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IN the municipal campaign in this city last week enthusiastic mass-meetings were held in Cooper Union at which Mr. George, Mr. Low, and General Tracy accepted the nominations from their respective organizations. The George meeting, according to nearly all accounts, was the most enthusiastic. The hall was jammed within three minutes after the doors were open, and great overflow meetings were improvised for those who could not get in. The candidate was received with the same passionate ardor as eleven years ago. He declared that he stood upon the Chicago platform because he believed in most of its planks, and knew that the whole represented the spirit and rallied the forces which had ever been the life of Jeffersonian Democracy. The platform on which he goes before the voters of New York, however, is largely municipal, demanding the public operation as well as ownership of municipal monopolies, and declaring that the wealth of this city is not administered for the public welfare unless the health, the culture, and the beauty of the city are recognized as matters of supreme public concern. Mr. George's peculiar views do not enter into the campaign, except in that his opposition to the taxation of the liquor traffic led him to declare himself unqualifiedly against any restrictions whatever upon this injurious business. This declaration may win for him support from the saloons, which generally opposed him eleven years ago, but is exceedingly distasteful to many of his most ardent followers—even the printers' trade-unions in this city having voted in favor of the total suppression of the saloons. The Citizens' Union meeting the following night almost equaled the George meeting in point of enthusiasm, and surpassed it in the evidence of staying powers for the municipal campaign. Mr. Low placed the emphasis of his speech upon the fundamental propositions that the municipal campaign in Greater New York should be conducted with an eye single to the interests of the city, and that those interests were more likely to be secured by an administration responsible directly to the citizens of New York themselves than by one responsible in part to the State and National machines of its party. The evils of the latter policy, he declared, were greatly increased when the power of the National machine had been practically concentrated in the hands of one man. To Mr. Croker, the absolute ruler of the regular Democracy, he made only a passing reference. Of Mr. Platt he said:

> The Republican leader already has a good deal on his hands. He has official relations with the Government of the United States, and he has unofficial relations with the Government of the State. If to all of these is added responsibility for the conduct of the city of New York under the new conditions about to prevail, is there not some fear that this theory of party responsibility will result in somebody's being overtaxed? No, no, gentlemen! When party organizations have become political machines that respond absolutely to the will of a single man, the very fabric of free government is in peril. I appeal to the people of New York, in their own behalf and in behalf of free government, to elect this year officials who will be responsible directly to them, and not indirectly to some person whom they cannot get at.

❀

The Republican meeting was from start to finish a rally of those who wished to make National issues supreme in the local campaign. Apart from General Tracy, the principal speaker was Senator Foraker, of Ohio, who told a cheering audience that Republicans all over the Nation were watching this municipal campaign with "anxiety and solicitude," but did not tell them that many of the leading Republican papers were chiefly solicitous for the election of Mr. Low. General Tracy's speech was simply and solely an argument against Mr. Low's position that the municipality should be administered without reference to the interests of any political machine. He declared, of course, that he too would make the interests of the city his primary concern,

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but he urged that the supreme issues before the people of this city were those presented by the Chicago platform. Through the Republican party the forces back of that platform had been defeated last year, and through the Republican party alone could they be defeated next year and in 1900. Therefore, this year the opponents of that platform should place their votes so as to strengthen the Republican party. In case Tammany Hall had indorsed the Chicago platform instead of ignoring it, General Tracy's speech would have had greater force. In view of Tammany's attitude, however, it seemed a vain attempt to illuminate this year's campaign with last year's fireworks. Outside of these mass-meetings, the one important event of the week was the decision of the Henry George Campaign Committee to make Street Commissioner Waring, a Gold Democrat, their candidate for Comptroller, Jerome O'Neill, the Secretary of the Central Labor Union, their candidate for President of the Councils, and for county offices to accept the candidates of the Citizens' Union in this city, and those of the regular Democrats in the remainder of Greater New York. What the effect of this will be upon the George canvass is in doubt, as many of Mr. George's supporters do not sanction these arrangements. There is no question, however, but that it increases the prospects of a victory for the Citizens' Union, and greatly lessens the possibility of a strong Tammany delegation in the State Legislature.

❀

Columbia University occupied its new home on Morningside Heights for the first time on Monday of last week, morning prayers being held in the University library. President Low interpreted the significance of the occasion by reference to the history of the college, to recent changes, and to the large hopes of the future. He emphasized the fact that the former site of the college in Forty-ninth Street had never been regarded as permanent, and that now, for the first time in many years, the college had a home. The present site, the beauty and importance of which become more apparent every day, was purchased five years ago. Three years were devoted to planning the use of the ground and the character and grouping of the buildings. Dr. Low described the library as the heart of the University, commented upon the foundation of religious faith upon which the institution rested, and declared that because God is all-wise there will always be new truths to be learned. The opening of Columbia in its magnificent home marks another step in the development of the city as a real metropolis, and predicts the near approach of that Greater New York which will be evidenced, not by a large increase of territory, but by a richer, larger, and more aspiring community life.

❀

The majority of the Massachusetts Tax Commission, whose report was published last week, recommend a new plan for lessening the taxation of personal property, which now furnishes nearly two-fifths of the public revenues in Massachusetts. In the first place, they would retain the present State taxes upon corporations, and instead of distributing the proceeds among the towns where the stockholders reside, would apply them to State and county purposes. In this way the rural districts, which contain few stockholders and little personal property of any kind, would receive a certain measure of relief from the injustice which the exemption of personalty always inflicts upon them. In the next place, the Commission, in order to keep the taxes on realty from being increased one-half, recommends a 5 per cent. tax upon inheritances of personalty. This tax is easily collected; but it is doubtful if the Massachusetts Commission has reckoned how rarely a given piece of property becomes liable to inheritance taxes. The French and American figures both show that the average period is about once in thirty-six years. A tax of 5 per cent. on personalty, levied every thirty-six years, in no way offsets a tax of over 1 per cent. on realty levied every year. The Commission seems in some degree to have realized its inadequacy, at least from a revenue standpoint, and proposes a supplementary tax of 10 per cent. upon all rentals over $400 a year. This, of course, is an additional tax upon real estate, but it is proposed to place it exclusively upon the classes which would benefit most from the lessened taxation of personalty. It is, however, much more socialistic in sound than in reality. The wealthiest families have, as a rule, a very small per cent. of their property in their homes. The middle classes, on the other hand, have, as a rule, a very large per cent. of their property so invested, and a tax on house-rents would shield the very rich at their expense. It is

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not likely that the recommendations of the Massachusetts Commission will be accepted by the plain people of the State, who more and more strenuously demand that the personal property invested within their commonwealth shall be taxed at the same rate as realty.

❀

An important feature of the business world at present is the beginning of a gold movement to this country from Europe and Australia. Its volume is so large as to call forth the opinion from the "Commercial and Financial Chronicle" that not only will the banks be soon making their exchanges in gold, but the payments of customs duties will also be in that metal. According to the estimate of our Mint Director we have nearly $713,000,000 gold now in the country—an unprecedented amount. Since August 1 about sixteen millions have been added, and the prospect for more seems well assured. The price of silver has fallen again, though it is considerably above its recent low level; the fall has been due to a lack of confirmation of the rumors that the Indian mints would be reopened to the free coinage of silver. The total net increase in the world's available supplies of wheat last month was the heaviest on record, America, of course, leading the way. Last month's receipts of cotton were larger than in 1894, when the crop was the most abundant of any. An event of importance abroad is the crisis reached in the Spanish Treasury and in the Bank of Spain. The exhaustion of borrowing resources seems to be nearly complete.

❀

Apparently the arrangement entered into by the Cleveland Administration to sell the Government claim upon the Union Pacific, without authority from Congress, and accept about seventy cents on the dollar, is to be carried out by the present Administration, and the sale to take place November 2. Our readers will recall how Senator Thurston, of Nebraska, the former solicitor for the Union Pacific Railway, prevented the Senate at the close of the recent session from passing the resolution to inquire into the terms of this sale. No official inquiry can now be made before the sale is announced to take place, and the general public, at least, is likely to act in the dark. It is true that the present Administration has obtained from the reorganization committee of the Union Pacific an advance of $4,000,000 over the sum pledged to the Cleveland Administration; but the general rise in railroad securities, and the advance of over ten per cent. in the earnings of the Union Pacific, keep this concession from constituting a notable public victory. Even with this concession the Government's claim of $70,000,000—of which $17,000,000 is already collected—is to be sold for $50,000,000. The $17,000,000 already collected is a part of the $50,000,000 offered the Government, so that it is really getting but $33,000,000 for its net claim of $53,000,000. At foreclosure sale the property will probably bring no more than is offered, but the Eastern market quotations support the assertions of Western Senators that the property is worth vastly more. The metropolitan press is silent upon this question, but the Springfield "Republican" and the Hartford "Courant" are awakening the New England public to the fact that Union Pacific stock, upon the mere prospect that the Government will sell at the figures named, has risen to $23 a share, after an assessment of $5 a share. In other words, the present market value of the stock is $18 a share, or $11,000,000 in all; yet this stock represents merely the value of the property after the debts have been paid. If the Administration, under these conditions, accepts seventy cents on the dollar of the amount due the Government, and permits the debtor corporation to keep millions of dollars' worth of property, it will be, as the Springfield "Republican" declares, "a scandalous bargain." There is no haste about the sale of this road. The courts have shown their ability to manage it until equitable terms are secured or arrangements have been made which commend themselves to Congress.

❀

In the October "Forum" Mr. C. Wood Davis presents a striking article upon "The Impending Deficiency of Breadstuffs." Mr. Davis's fears for the future seem to us needless, for a material rise in the price of breadstuffs would turn to the cultivation of cereals millions of acres now devoted to pasturage or altogether uncultivated. But Mr. Davis's statistics regarding the past show very clearly that the fall in the price of breadstuffs during the present generation has resulted in a relative lessening of the area devoted to their cultivation. This will be news to many monometallists, for, despite the admissions of Sir Robert Giffen, our American monometallist statisti-

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cians, from Mr. Wells down, have so selected their statistics as to produce the impression that wheat has fallen in price because of a relative increase in its production. On this point the statistics presented by Mr. Davis are unusually satisfactory, because they cover not only wheat, but other breadstuffs as well. The area covered is practically the whole world inhabited by people of European lineage. For these the figures—official for 95 per cent.—are as follows:

	1871.	1897.	Increase.
Population...	371,000,000	510,000,000	37.5
	1871. Acres.	1896. Acres.	
Wheat.....	125,800,000	158,000,000	25.6
Rye.....	111,000,000	106,500,000	—4.1
Spelt and Maslin.....	5,700,000	4,400,000	—22.8
Buckwheat...	16,200,000	9,500,000	—40.8
Total	258,700,000	278,400,000	7.6

In other words, not only is it true that the production of wheat has not increased as rapidly as the population, but the production of other breadstuffs has increased less rapidly than that of wheat. As the amount of grain per acre has remained almost constant, and as the total export of breadstuffs from India and other Asiatic countries is barely the product of 2,000,000 acres, the theory of "overproduction" can no longer be used to explain the decline in the price of these products. What increases the weight of these statistics is that they were not put forward as an argument for bimetallism.

❀

A dispatch from Plymouth, England, last week announced that the new North German Lloyd steamer, Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, had broken the eastward record. She reached Plymouth in five days fifteen hours and ten minutes. The big ship's average was 21.91 knots an hour, and her longest day's run 519 knots. The new steamship has thus captured both the westward and eastward records, and it is a significant fact that it has been done on the maiden trips, before her machinery has become "limbered up." The best previous record to Plymouth is that of the Hamburg-American steamer Fürst Bismarck—six days nine hours and twenty-four minutes. The new boat has thus not only beaten all previous scores, but beaten them amazingly. The Cunard Lucania, however, may be considered still the fleetest ship afloat, since her average hourly speed on her record-breaking trip westward from Queenstown in October, 1894, was 22.01 knots—even better than the new boat's record. However, as the Lucania's record was accomplished in pleasant weather and the Kaiser Wilhelm's amid heavy seas, it is anticipated that the latter vessel may ere long lay claim to the title which the Lucania now holds.

❀

The Canadian Government's proposed policy of royalties and claim reservations in the Klondike is provoking criticism. It is understood that a miner must pay fifteen dollars to the Government for his registration fee and an annual assessment of one hundred dollars. According to latest advices, he may have to pay, besides this, a royalty of 10 per cent. upon claims yielding five hundred dollars or less, and 20 per cent. upon claims yielding more. While this royalty is to be levied upon all miners, without regard to nationality, of course the overwhelming force of the burden will fall upon our own citizens, and was intended so to fall. The Canadians claim that our miners are not permanent settlers, that the Dominion riches are being extracted and carried away without any return, and that the Klondike can never become "the home of population dependent upon agriculture or manufacture or upon any industry which would turn adventurers into permanent inhabitants of the country." It will be a difficult matter to collect the proposed royalty, however. Every mining claim must be watched while the pay dirt is being washed, and to do that thoroughly would demand as many policemen as miners. While this royalty seems extravagant to us, the Canadian Government's proposal to reserve every alternate claim for itself is a proposition not only contrary to British tradition, but unprecedented in the history of gold-mining. Nevertheless, many Canadians declare that the provision is only just to a country owning the land; the nation should get a good share of the wealth. Furthermore, they believe that the once-despised Northwest Territory should now contribute its quota in lessening their large national debt. To this there have been protests from both Canadians and our own people that the exactions are oppressive, certain to cripple development, and only too likely to cause serious disturbance and even bloodshed. The protestants also aver that it is practically impossible for each miner to estimate for duty

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the amount of gold in his heap of ore. An influential journal in Ontario remarks that unless the Klondike is to be an exception to the richest mining regions hitherto known, only a small proportion of the miners will be fortunate enough to make findings which will bear 20 per cent. toll. Those less fortunate will probably be driven to concealment and perhaps to resistance.

❀

The Canadian Government has also been urged to exclude aliens from working in the Klondike regions. Some papers across the border have become quite vehement for the enforcement of their alien labor law, saying that if their law can prevent people from the United States in working on the new Crow's Nest Railway, why should it not prevent United States folk from mining in the Klondike? To this the reply is that if our citizens are not permitted to work on that railway it is by reason of an understanding between the Government and the contractors, and not owing to the Alien Labor Law. Again, Canadians say that, while mineral deposits in our lands are free and open to exploration and purchase, it is really only by citizens of the United States and those who have declared their intention to become such. In the old California days there was no restriction in the search for gold, but in 1872 a law was enacted of which the foregoing provision forms a part. While Canadians admit that there has hitherto been no trouble about British claims in the United States, yet, under our law, it would be impossible for aliens to obtain perfect titles to their claims. With the leading organ of Canadian opinion, we believe that it is manifestly good policy to permit all willing workers to help build up the greatness of a country, without inquiry into their nationality. Yet, on the other hand, this very organ claims that the gold is as truly the property of the Canadian people as if they had earned it and paid it as taxes into the treasury. Our Government may justly plume itself upon the courtesy which it has shown to Canada in the opening of Dyea as a United States subport, even if this action is not entirely agreeable to the pockets of some of the Alaskan companies. If Canada gives to our citizens the same chances of hunting fortunes in the Klondike region as it gives to its own citizens, this is not too great a concession. As to the limitation of those chances through royalties and claim reservations, we believe that a more generous policy would have been wiser in the interests of law and order. Miners at Dawson say that the imposition of onerous conditions may provoke upon the part of unruly American Uitlanders in the North an uprising similar to that planned by the English at Johannesburg. We trust that no such dire event will take place.

❀

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, recently delivered an address before the Montreal Board of Trade, in which he gave expression to his earnest desire to forward better commercial relations with this country. Sir Wilfrid said: "I do not hesitate to declare that because I love Canada, I am not bound to hate any other nation; I want to be on friendly terms with them. Our sentiments, I know, have not been reciprocated. But because they have not been reciprocated I do not give up hope. It is the same blood which flows in the veins of the people of the other side of the line and the people on this side. It is the same stock which has peopled the same countries, and we have a great community of interest and institutions." The Premier says that, while for the last twenty years his people have been shouting "Canada for the Canadians," while they have been believing that every producer could find a market in the Dominion alone, many Canadians have emigrated to this country, and trade has deserted the Canadian ports. Hence Canada must find markets abroad, and Sir Wilfrid only recognizes a patent fact when he declares the most important market to be that of the United States. According to the Prime Minister, the St. Lawrence is the highway of the continent, for people on this side as well as for those on the other side of the border. Hence he is about to propose joint action to deepen the river's channel—a proposition not acceptable to all in this country. He promises to adjust the fisheries dispute and to remove treaty restrictions. He will also ask for better terms of entry into the United States for Canadian fish, lumber, coal, and agricultural products. Commenting on the above, the Toronto "Sun" says: "It is well that good sense has been so soon asserted by an authority who must be obeyed." The journal calls attention to a sometimes overlooked fact, that the Canadians are cut off from Europe by a thousand miles of ocean, and are strung out, a sparse population of five

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millions, along the northern boundary of a country of seventy millions, having with them the most intimate relations of commerce and social life. It adds: "Under these circumstances it is surely unwise to cultivate estrangement." Then why the Ottawa objection to the International Seal Conference?

❀

The report that England has decided to withdraw from the Behring Sea Conference in case Russia and Japan are represented in it has been confirmed by the action of the Prime Minister. Some of the English newspapers have declared that these two countries were invited by the United States after the consent of England to enter the Conference had been secured. This is not the fact. The intention of the Government to include Russia and Japan in the Conference has been well known from the beginning. Lord Salisbury was notified of that intention by our Ambassador at London, and by the Ambassadors of Russia and Japan. It was also known in London that the invitation of the United States Government to Russia was conveyed to that country by a special envoy. If there were any uncertainty about the fact, it ought certainly to have been dispelled by the formal note of the American Ambassador at London to the British Foreign Minister, in which it was stated that the proposed Conference would include all the Powers interested in the sealing question. In his reply Lord Salisbury agreed to enter a Conference of Great Britain, Canada, and the United States, but did not mention the other countries; whereupon the American Ambassador again called the attention of the British Minister to the fact that Russia and Japan would probably participate in the Conference. All this happened two months ago. The refusal of England to enter the Conference as now constituted is due to the well-known reluctance of Canada, and the equally well-known desire of England to do everything in her power to satisfy her colonies. Lord Salisbury had a perfect right to decline to meet Russia and Japan in such a Conference, but it is unfortunate, to say the least, that the settlement of the Behring Sea question is to be still further delayed.

❀

The Oxford Movement made changes in the position of the men who were swept into its current, but it is probable that it made no change so dramatic as that which separated by an incalculable distance John Henry Newman from his brother Francis William Newman. Brought up by a mother of Huguenot extraction, in an intensely Evangelical atmosphere, both boys being of great intellectual and spiritual promise, the brothers came out of the same home, and from under the same influences, to Oxford. At Oxford the cleavage of temperament and intellectual quality began to show itself. The future Cardinal rapidly moved away from the position of the Evangelical section in the English Church, while Francis drifted away from the sacerdotalism to which his brother was rapidly moving. Both were intensely religious, but the mind of the one was methodical and rather prosaic, while the mind of the other was essentially mystical and poetic. After leaving Oxford, Francis, in the fervor of his religious convictions, went to the Orient as a missionary. At the end of two years he returned, and very soon there was evidence of a radical revolution in his religious life. One by one, with the greatest pain and sorrow, he gave up the cardinal doctrines of Christianity. He has told the story of this experience in his "Phases of Faith," a book of great interest, though devoid of the literary charm which makes his brother's "Apologia" so fascinating. For a long time Francis refused to call himself a Christian, but he finally found congenial fellowship among the English Unitarians. He was a man of wide and varied knowledge; a scholar by instinct. His sympathies were not, however, narrowed or deadened by his engrossing intellectual pursuits. He was keenly alive to all popular movements, especially the movement for the liberation of Hungary which found its leader in Kossuth, and the anti-slavery movement in this country. During the period when this country was in sore need of influential friends in England, Professor Newman was a loyal and ardent advocate of the National cause. As Professor of Modern Languages in Manchester New College, and of Latin in London University, he proved himself an eminently successful teacher.

❀

The New York "Evening Post" is the last place to which we would turn for socialistic propaganda, yet the following paragraph appeared recently in its editorial columns:

The returns of the Prussian State railways for the last fiscal year show a net income of $103,

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768,000, of which about one-half goes to the payment of interest on money borrowed for their construction or purchase, and the remainder, say $52,000,000, goes into the treasury of the Kingdom. As the total expenses of Prussia proper are only $114,000,000, it appears that the State railways pay 46 per cent. of the whole. Consul Monaghan, who communicates these facts from Chemnitz, says: "No other branch of public property pays so surely and so well. The certainty of the receipts, the amount, the ease with which they are obtained, and their cash character render them the most useful of all the moneys turned into the public treasury. Whether the railroads are managed more successfully than they would have been under private ownership it is hard to say." The success of the Prussian State railways as investments is not difficult to understand. As railways are generally monopolies, and are peculiarly so in Prussia, it is a very simple thing to fix the rates so that they shall make money. In other words, railway charges are in Prussia a form of taxation.

Although the "Post's" paragraph is inaccurate and the expenses of the Prussian Government are about twice as great as the "Post" states, this is a matter of minor importance. What is significant is, first, the great profitableness of the Prussian railroad system, and, second, the "Post's" frank recognition that railways are generally monopolies and that railway charges in Prussia are a form of taxation. As railway charges in America do not differ materially from those in Prussia, it is difficult to understand the "Post's" opposition to public regulation of this form of "taxation."

❀

The editorial comment made in these columns three weeks ago on the growth of absolutism in Germany has received striking confirmation in the attempted prosecution of the "Frankfürter Zeitung" on the charge of *lèse majesté* for criticising some recent actions or utterances of the Emperor William. The "Zeitung" is one of the foremost, if not the foremost, daily paper in Germany—a journal of strong Liberal convictions verging toward Radicalism, and of unquestioned ability and courage. When such a journal is prosecuted for making the very moderate criticism of the German Emperor's course in which the "Zeitung" indulged, it is difficult to imagine where the Kaiser will set the limit of free speech. There are many indications, however, as was pointed out in that editorial, that the Emperor, with all his power, will not control the matter, but that the German people will ultimately determine for themselves what their rights of criticism and free expression of opinion are. The murmur of indignation is beginning to be distinct and audible. A leading professor of the University of Berlin recently said that things have come to such a pass that almost everybody in Germany belongs to the Opposition. The Emperor's course is strangely short-sighted. He is playing directly into the hands of the Social Democrats. Fortunately for the country, there is a possibility that the Liberals may reorganize their party and become the rallying-point for those who believe in conservative progress. A meeting of the Liberal party was recently held at Nuremberg, and one of the speakers, Herr Schmidt, a member of Parliament, said in the course of his remarks that some centuries ago Nuremberg had known how to suppress robber barons, the loser in that fight being, not the peasant, but the lord. Herr Schmidt quoted with singular appositeness the inscription on the city hall of Nuremberg, "*Suprema lex salus populi.*" Unless the Liberals become a positive force in the present condition of Germany, the struggle will narrow itself down to a fight between absolutism and an extreme form of social democracy, and in that event the triumph of either party would involve great disaster for the German people.

❀

A dispatch at hand from Constantinople informs us that the Sultan has received an autograph letter from the Emperor of Germany, in which the latter thanks the former for a number of cannon, captured from the Greeks during the recent war, which were recently presented to his German Majesty by Abdul Hamid. The Kaiser in this letter praises the "wise moderation" exhibited during Turkey's negotiations for the conclusion of peace with Greece, and assures the Sultan that he enjoys the faithful friendship of Emperor William. These cannon may perpetuate the memory of the Kaiser's triumph over his sister, but what a humiliating triumph—to punish a struggling Christian country by means of dreaded Islamic force! They may perpetuate the victory of German bondholders—but even if the Greeks have been repudiators, the terms of the treaty are over-burdensome. As for the "wise moderation" of the Sultan, it has been shown during the past week in the sending of additional forces to Thessaly. It is further shown in the delimitation of a new frontier, by which, when Thessaly is evacuated, the Sultan will get all the passes leading down

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into the Greek plains. The "faithful friendship" between Kaiser and Sultan will be watched carefully, and more than before by the now aroused Germans—for they are not all so lost to the appreciation of democratic government as not to be ashamed that such a letter as that of last week could be penned. It has been the fashion to speak of the isolation of England. The Kaiser's course, both at home and abroad, may bring about an isolation of the Fatherland. Perhaps that is the only way ultimately to deliver Germany from the mediævalizing of a William II.

❀

A new Ministry has been organized in Greece, with M. Zaimis as Premier, and has announced a very simple but comprehensive programme: to secure the evacuation of Thessaly, and rapidly and radically to reorganize the country. In response to the request of the Premier that further business should be postponed for the present, the Chamber first voted its confidence in the new Ministry, and then promptly adjourned. This vote of confidence is practically an acceptance of the treaty by the Chamber. Under the terms of that treaty an International Commission of the Great Powers, composed of six members, is to take charge of the whole question of paying the indemnity and securing the creditors of Greece, the Government agreeing to submit to the Boulé a law, previously approved by the Powers, which shall define the duties of this Commission. The collection and use of revenues up to the amount of the new and old loans of Greece will be absolutely within the control of the Commissioners. It is also provided that Thessaly shall be evacuated within a month from the date of the time for the putting out of the indemnity loan agreed upon by the International Committee. The treaty also provides that in the case of any disagreement in the negotiations between Turkey and Greece, the points of variance shall be submitted to the arbitration of the representatives of the Great Powers, whose decisions shall be compulsory upon both Governments.

❀

The National Council of Switzerland has followed the referendum vote in favor of the public ownership of railways by the adoption of a bill providing for State purchase at a figure approximating twenty-five times the average net earnings of the roads during the past decade. In other words, the Government assumes that the value of the roads is the sum upon which they have been yielding 4 per cent. interest to their owners. In America this would be an overvaluation, for the market price of most American railway securities is more nearly reckoned upon a 5 per cent. basis. But in Europe the rate of interest is lower, and twenty-five times the net earnings of the roads is not far from the value at which their securities would be appraised if government purchase were not thought of. There will be no such scandals as occurred when the English Government bought out the telegraph companies, paying for some of them double their market value a few months before the purchase was formally proposed. In Switzerland such plundering of the public is, of course, impossible, as the terms of the purchase will have to be submitted to popular approval, and the general public in Switzerland has no disposition to enrich the security-owners at its own expense. Representatives may thus sacrifice the public, but the public will not thus sacrifice itself. The aggregate sum named for the purchase is $186,000,000. This will increase the public debt (now $15,000,000) from $5 per capita to $67; but, inasmuch as the public is now paying 4 per cent. interest on the railway securities, and hereafter will have to pay only 3½ per cent. on its own bonds covering them, there is a prospective decrease in the public burdens. Doubtless the present financial success of the Prussian State railway system had much to do with the strength of the movement for public ownership, but a still stronger impulse was the desire for uniformity of tariffs throughout the country, without discriminations between places or persons, and the cheapening of transportation for workingmen and persons of moderate means. These, as Herr von der Leyen says, were the "first beneficial effects" of State ownership in Prussia, and they will doubtless be the first beneficial effects of the same system in Switzerland.

❀

The programme of the new Liberal Ministry in Cuba has been semi-officially announced, and if it had been put into practice two years ago would perhaps have pacified Cuba and ended the war. It remains to be seen whether the Cubans will be satisfied with anything less than independence. Genuine autonomy will undoubtedly be offered to them, and if they are wise they will accept it.

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The Cuban insurgents are fighting a wretched political system, but those who know them doubt if they could give the country stability or peace if it came into their hands. It is fortunate that Congress is not in session, and that our Government has the opportunity, during this critical period in the life of the new Ministry, of giving the Liberals a chance to develop their policy. The President has so far shown sagacity and judgment in dealing with the Cuban question. The hotheads of his own party have not forced him into any unwise action. He perceives clearly that the way of statesmanship in this case is through the most careful and cautious dealing, and he evidently proposes to give Spain every opportunity of ending the struggle within a reasonable period. It is now known that Minister Woodford has not presented an ultimatum. The Spanish Government has sounded the different courts for the purpose of ascertaining the attitude of the European Governments in the event of a war with this country, and there is every reason to believe that the only courts from which it has received any encouragement are those of Austria and Germany. Both these countries have probably promised sympathy; active help they certainly have not promised, and in all probability would under no circumstances render. France and Russia would not take part against us in any possible struggle with Spain; and English opinion, which grows more and more intelligent with regard to American affairs, is strongly on our side; that is to say, the English perceive that neither we nor any other country could permit the barbarous struggle to go on in Cuba indefinitely. The "National Review," which is supposed to reflect with considerable authority the opinions of Lord Salisbury, has lately said that the British people, if situated as we are with regard to Cuba, would probably have acted earlier; and that while all Europe must sympathize with Spanish ardor and with the calamities of Spain, the horrors of Spanish rule in Cuba are such that the American people could not allow them permanently to continue. It looks now as if a rational and wise settlement of the Cuban difficulties, so far as we have any connection with them, might be reached.

❀

Recent events in three regions of Africa have been sufficient to awaken real interest in Great Britain, for the events concern British advance in the Dark Continent. In the northeast, arrangements for the cession of Kassala have now been completed, and everything is ready for its occupation by British troops. Kassala is an Abyssinian town situated about half-way between Khartûm on the Nile and Massaua on the Red Sea. It is about three hundred miles southwest of Suakin. Kassala was recently occupied by the Italian forces in the disastrous war with Abyssinia. Some time since, the Italian Government, in answer to a question in the Chamber of Deputies at Rome, announced that Kassala would be retained, as it was to Italy's interest to fulfill the claims of Great Britain's friendship, and that, it was understood, called for the holding of Kassala by Italian troops. The practical abandonment of African colonization by Italy now leaves Kassala apparently ready to fall into the hands of the British. The Anglo-Egyptian troops marching from the north, while still a long distance from Kassala and Khartûm, have made a notable campaign, not only in the introduction of the arts of war, but also in those of peace. The railway will transform Nubia and the other countries of northern Africa more lastingly than any mere conquest of arms. The railway now being built between Wady Halfa and Abu Hamed will one day be connected with that from the sea westward into Uganda, and also with that coming up from the south. The Nubian section will be something over two hundred miles long—a decided gain over the old circuitous river route of seven hundred miles; the gain in time is of course far greater. Provisions and water must come from beyond the desert. Great was the joy, therefore, when the sinking of some wells in mid-plain was followed by the discovery of a subterranean water-supply. This will change the desert into a garden. Another change has already taken place. At first everything had to be brought from Egypt, but now the British have established iron and brass foundries at Wady Halfa. Only a few weeks since this was a typical Nubian settlement, far removed from civilization. It is now a modern manufacturing place, its buildings lit with electricity, its workmen representing nearly every European nationality, and with its seven or eight trains a day leaving for the frontiers. Truly the old desert is being transformed.

❀

In the South a native rebellion in Bechuanaland has just been suppressed by the Cape Colony British. It is supposed that the surrender of thousands of the Bechuanas was

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conditioned on the permission to return to whatever was left of their homes. The Cape Colony Government, however, was not at all pleased with this arrangement, and, in order to prevent another Bechuana war, conceived the plan of hiring out the prisoners as servants on five-year contracts to Cape farmers. The farmers did not object, of course, as they were thus obtaining cheap labor. The Bechuanas objected strenuously, however, and declared that they were being sold into slavery, a thousand miles from home. This opinion prevails also in certain circles in England. The Aborigines Protection Society expects to bring a test case before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Turning to the West, the event of interest has been the condemnation of Drunami, the King of Benin, and his chiefs, who surrendered last August to the British authorities. They were justly charged with taking part in the massacre of an unarmed expedition under Mr. Phillips, a British Consul. Two of the condemned chiefs were shot, and their bodies were displayed hanging in the streets for twenty-four hours. It may be said in the King's defense that he had threatened to kill any European who attempted to visit his capital. A few days after the news of the disaster, the British assembled forces for a punitive expedition. The capital was captured, and the King fled. When the expedition entered the town, it was found that Benin well deserved to be called the "City of Blood." Crucified victims of the JuJu, or fetish priests, were discovered sacrificed to the various gods, while the JuJu houses were reeking with the blood of beheaded victims. Drunami himself was worshiped with human sacrifices. The Britons cannot be altogether congratulated upon this accession of territory, as the kingdom of Benin is hardly better than a vast swamp. As may be surmised, its population is on a par with its degraded physical character. Slavery has ever been the curse of this and adjacent regions. It is a great satisfaction to learn that the British Administrator of the vast western region which goes under the general name of Nigeria has issued his edict that there shall be no more slave-trading in Benin, Nupé, or in any other land under his control. If Sir George Goldie is able to carry out this, his name will go down to history with deserved fame.

❀

The announcement by Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India, that no more Government relief will be needed for sufferers from the plague and famine, will be welcome news to all. The present troubles on the northern Indian border, full as they may be of meaning for the future, have been a side issue indeed compared with the world-interest felt in the recent plague and famine. General Sir William Lockhart has now taken active command of the expedition against the Afridis, and it is probable that this experienced officer will deal with the border tribes in the most intelligent as well as the most expeditious manner. The ruler of Afghanistan has apparently neglected no means of showing to the British that he has not incited the wild border tribes to an uprising. Lord Roberts, however, the greater part of whose life has been spent in India as commander of the forces there, warns his countrymen against placing implicit faith in Abdurrahman's asseverations. The Afghanistan ruler, like the Siamese, stands ready, nevertheless, to make all that may be made out of the possession of a "buffer State." Sometimes this is accomplished in strange ways.

❀

A Forecast

He would be a bold man who should venture to make any prophecy concerning the final issue of the pending campaign in New York. There are, however, some figures which may help the curious to forecast a possible future. The "Greater New York" includes the old New York, Brooklyn, the Bronx, or the district beyond the Harlem River, Queens County, and Staten Island. The figures which we shall give as affording some basis for forecasting the issue are taken from Manhattan, or the old New York, alone, and would be materially modified if figures from the other districts were included. It is, however, safe to assume that they would be modified rather in favor of than against Mr. Low, who is stronger in Brooklyn, his former place of residence, and where he was twice elected Mayor, than in Manhattan.

In Manhattan, or the old New York, the normal Republican vote, as indicated by that cast for Mr. Palmer four years ago, is 80,000; the normal Democratic vote, as indicated by that cast for Mr. Meyer in the same year, is 147,000. The Democratic majority is 67,000. The election of a straight Republican municipal ticket is absolutely hopeless of accom-

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plishment. If the issue this year were between Mr. Van Wyck, the Tammany candidate, and General Tracy, the Republican candidate, there could be no doubt as to the result. The doubt grows out of the two independent candidates in the field—Messrs. Seth Low and Henry George. What is their strength? And how much will they draw from the Tammany and the Republican tickets respectively? History furnishes us some figures on which to base an answer to these questions. The Borough of Manhattan has been partially canvassed, and upwards of 95,000 citizens have petitioned Mr. Low to accept a nomination, and pledged their votes to him. Some doubt has been expressed as to the value of this canvass; but it has been verified by an independent canvass of 1,000 names; only a very small percentage expressed any hesitation in reaffirming the pledge. The best basis for a comparative estimate of the probable votes for Van Wyck, George, and Tracy is furnished by the election returns of 1886. There were then three candidates in the field: Messrs. Abram S. Hewitt, Tammany Democrat; Henry George, Independent Democrat; Theodore Roosevelt, Republican. Comparing these election returns with the pledges this year to Mr. Low, the figures are as follows from the Borough of Manhattan:

Seth Low, Independent	95,000
Abram S. Hewitt, Tammany Democrat	90,000
Henry George, Independent Democrat	68,000
Theodore Roosevelt, Republican	60,000

These figures make certain things clear—so far as past history can make anything future clear:

1. This will be a hotly contested, and probably a close, election.

2. There is no possibility of the election of Mr. Tracy.

3. The issue, therefore, is really between Messrs. Seth Low, Independent; Van Wyck, Tammany Democrat; and Henry George, Bryan Democrat.

In estimating the present strength of these three candidates certain factors may be safely taken into account. In 1886 thousands of Republicans voted for Mr. Hewitt. It is safe to assume that no Republicans will vote for Mr. Van Wyck. He will get only the "regular" Tammany vote. In 1886 Mr. George had behind him the labor organizations and the united labor vote, but he was an "irregular." In 1897 the labor organizations are not officially supporting him, and the labor vote will be more or less divided between him and Mr. Low; but, on the other hand, a majority of the National Democratic Committee regard him as the "regular" Democratic candidate, and he has behind him whatever momentum there is left from last year's Bryan campaign. Taking account of these factors, it would appear probable that if the election took place to-day Messrs. Van Wyck, Low, and George would stand near one another in the polls in the Manhattan borough. The indications are that in Brooklyn Mr. Low's vote will be much in excess of either of the others.

What are the probabilities of the future? Unless all signs fail, "regularity" will count for less in 1897 than it has in any purely municipal election in any former year. The question of Democratic regularity is by no means clear, and the machine methods of the Republican organization have been peculiarly offensive to Independent Republicans. Thousands of voters are waiting to be convinced by the progress of the campaign. If it becomes clear to Independent Republicans that the issue is between Mr. Low and Mr. Van Wyck, or Mr. Low and Mr. George, the vote for Mr. Low will be increased. If it should become clear to the laboring men that the issue is between Mr. Low and the favored corporations, that Mr. George cannot be elected and that Mr. Low can, there will be a considerable accession to Mr. Low from the George constituency. Thus Mr. Low's vote may be increased by accessions from either the George or the Tracy constituency, while it is highly improbable that either the George or the Tracy constituency can be increased by accessions from Mr. Low's. On the other hand, past history indicates that the present dissatisfaction with Tammany within the Democratic ranks will be in considerable measure overcome before election day, and that the "regulars" who are now threatening to desert their party will be cajoled or driven back into line. It must also be remembered that the financial interests of the favored corporations are very great, and that their political power through their employees is not insignificant, and that the leaders in these corporations are shrewd men. If at the last moment it should appear to them probable that either Mr. George or Mr. Low may win, we may expect to see them uniting, as far as they can, their forces, which are now divided between Messrs. Van Wyck and Tracy.

Still refusing to prophesy, our present judg-

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ment is that the George movement is at its height and will grow weaker rather than stronger as the election progresses, and that the final issue in the campaign will be between Mr. Low and Mr. Van Wyck, with a very fair prospect of Mr. Low's election.

❀

Petty Annoyances

The petty annoyances of life constitute a very formidable mass, if one chooses to dwell upon and remember them. They are curiously combined with the most delicate pleasures, as the thorn is set on the same stem with the rose. Those who have the highest quality of receptivity and are most sensitive to the finer delights are the elect victims of the imperfections, the dissonances, and the small grievances that beset the way of the aspiring and the path of the ardent. No one, however well poised, can be entirely indifferent to the stings and discomfort of these minor troubles; but the healthy nature will keep them well below the horizon of habitual thought. A man is strong in the degree in which he is able to subordinate the minor to the major concerns of life; and fruitful in the degree in which he pushes aside petty obstacles and keeps to his path, not only with fidelity but with delight. The good traveler does not miss the chance of beautiful scenery because his companions of the hour are not of his kind; nor does he suffer a bad cup of coffee to overshadow a day which brings him to the shrines of history or literature. A statesman does not yield his measure because he is surrounded by scoffers and triflers. The man of religious conviction does not suffer his faith to be clouded because churches are such imperfect administrators of the spiritual interests of society. The artist is not plunged into melancholy because paints and brush are often so obstinate and unsympathetic to his hand; nor does the sculptor despair of his vision because stone is hard and dust and dirt envelop him. The writer does not turn aside from his work because language guards its felicities and melodies with such persistence; nor does his imagination lose its freshness because the use of the pen involves such drudgery. Every fine achievement is beset with difficulties; it is only the ardent lover who bursts through the hedge of thorns and awakens the Princess. No little character of the sterner sort is wrought out of the overcoming of small difficulties and the patient bearing of petty annoyances. And the supreme work of living freely, joyously, and fruitfully is accomplished by those only who know how to ignore trifles, to endure minor discomforts, and to make the day noble in spite of the annoyances which are set about it like thorns.

❀

The Perverse Reformer

These gently seething, sub-revolutionary times throw to the surface many an anomaly. Conspicuous among them is the professed lover of his kind whose heart seems saturated with habitual hate toward most of his fellows, and who looks upon their cherished institutions as the objects of his undermining enmity.

He comes to our aid, not with a general desire everywhere to help forward the good that, mixed with much evil, the imperfect efforts of the race have so far painfully worked out, but rather with the demand that all paths be barred except the one that he has chosen to march in. Good of other folks' devising is to him evil, his love of his brother is smothered by the love of his nostrum, and all are his enemies who deny its sovereign efficacy.

This is only a curious form of the familiar disease of vanity. The effect is strange, but the cause is not obscure. A weak nature, in any line of life, easily falls a victim to personal ambition, and is led thereby into attitudes quite strange to the initial motive and aspiration. Self-love, by its intensity, wins the race against general benevolence.

For justification, for self-deception, even for the mystification of simple observers, who feel the hatefulness of his position and yet cannot altogether avoid his fallacies, the morose philanthropist finds abundant material in the much-compounded structure of human affairs. He is able, everywhere, to lay his hostile finger on evil, closely interwoven with every best achievement of society, to exult in it, magnify it, and pronounce resulting condemnation. The honest listener is not always mindful that this evil admixture is a persistent factor in human things, and that progress has never been marked by its elimination, but rather by a strengthening of the forces that dispute its supremacy, a relative sweetening of life's strange compound.

To correct this puzzled acceptance of vicious criticism, the spirit that sits cheerfully on the front wave of time, gathering into

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a general intuitive intelligence the accumulated sense of the world, lends ever its wholesome and enlightening influence. The scowling friend of man is, on the whole, discredited. Now and then some favoring gale of exasperating hardship lifts him to a point of vantage, but he soon drops from the willing notice of men, and becomes again a neglected prowler in shady places.

There is a way, is there not, to seek the good of the race with wider benevolence? Have not all ages been blest with forward-looking men, who, without self-exaltation, have given continuous aid to the general advance? In their efforts for betterment, with what affectionate care have they guarded the gains already made, seeking to value fully these products of past progress, to strengthen them for continuance, to remove obstacles to their extended operation, to develop a service already enjoyed. Loving mankind, they love the things that have helped them; and if sometimes they are led to see that an institution has outlived its usefulness, it is with regret rather than exultation that they pronounce it obsolete, and even then they seek to learn lessons from its ancient beneficence, and to find suggestions for similar service by some modern successor of the outworn agency.

Readiness to change when change is good is quite consistent with a loyal conservatism. If benevolence be sincere and open, it will look with equal reverence on the good that is and the good that is hoped for. And the evil that is associated with established institutions and that which waits to fasten itself on plans untried will fail alike to prevent recognition of values in either direction.

It is a good plan, if we set out to work for human betterment, to hold a constant eye on the main object proposed; to remember that by many paths, not exactly parallel, mankind must continue its forward march; and that, though our work may lie along one of these, we are bound also to rejoice at the progress of every other contingent. It is good philosophy, as with high spirit we reach for a good hitherto unknown, to so far respect the continuity of the race as to guard with equal energy its gathered treasures. Heedless flight through the ages is not progress. Progress moves with a train, and protects its stores. And that philanthropist is an anomaly who turns with hate on all that has carried humanity to its present point of hopeful outlook.

How carefully will the true reformer pick his way forward, like a cat among broken bottles, avoiding the disturbance of what is good, rejoicing at every sort of success noted as he passes along, hunting out a path, circuitous perhaps, yet practicable, for his own particular plan of improvement! He may, indeed, carry a club for the demolition of whatever is clearly a useless obstruction, but even then he swings it with indulgent charity, and finds no cause for hate or exultation in the evidence of an ancient error. If his own scheme prove for the present unworkable, he does not rage at the barriers or claim a right of way as against all other considerations. He sets his precious model in the shade and waits for a change, or goes to work, in some way not hostile to the general welfare, to do away with obstructive objections. And if the blockade is altogether impassable, he does not find himself discharged from duty, but offers his helpful shoulder to whatever else is moving for the general good.

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One Thing at a Time

Mr. Gladstone's daughter, Mrs. Drew, is reported as saying that the earliest sentence from her father's lips when a boy which attracted the attention of his family and was remembered, was spoken when he was interrupted at his lessons by a nurse who brought him a dose of medicine. "Take it away," said the boy. "How can I do two things at once?" Mr. Gladstone has done many things in the course of his long and laborious life; so many things and such different things that he has astonished his generation, accustomed as it has become to the fruitfulness and activity of old men; but his success has been due to the fact that, although he has done many things, he has done them one at a time. If a single word were to be taken to characterize Mr. Gladstone's temper not only as a thinker but as a worker, it would probably be intensity. His interest covers a great variety of subjects, but he deals with one subject at a time, and the secret of his ability to handle with such power so many widely dissevered themes has lain in the fact that, through all the diversity of his work, he has preserved intact his power of concentration. No man can do two things at the same time and do them well. Nothing is well done, in the higher

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sense, which is not done with a man's whole soul. The dexterity which enables a man to do two different things with his hands at the same time is purely mechanical; there is and can be no soul in it. What a man does with his soul he does with intensity and concentration—every power within him focused on a single point, every energy flowing in a single current. This power of concentration and intensity of work were the strong qualities of the great leaders of the mediæval world. Conditions made these qualities much more easy to develop and to preserve than to-day. The danger of modern life, with its immense diversity of interests and its almost limitless range of activities, lies in the temptation to diffuse one's power instead of concentrating it, and to touch work and themes lightly and gracefully rather than with intensity and spiritual energy. Clever things are done by clever people who never go below the surface, and who possess the power of sustained work only in a rudimentary degree, but great things are done by those alone who pour their whole souls into what they are doing at the moment, and who allow nothing to interrupt or divert them.

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The Sleepy Hollow Commemoration

It is not many months since Trinity Church, in this city, celebrated with appropriate and splendid services its two hundredth anniversary, emphasizing the prominence and power of the English element in the early life of this country. Less imposing but not less interesting were the services which, on Sunday and Monday of this week, commemorated the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of the old Dutch Church in Sleepy Hollow at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson. This quaint and venerable building, than which few older are to be found in this part of America, stands amid the trees with the Pocantico flowing about it and the quiet of the ancient cemetery enfolding it. The little bell cast in Holland still swings in its belfry, with the inscription in Latin, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"—an inscription which meant much in a time when the church was a frontier post of civilization. The locality is full of the charm of a quiet beauty and of ancient traditions. Almost at its doors was enacted that quaint comedy of Ichabod Crane which Irving has immortalized in the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. Within a few moments' walk is the monument which commemorates the capture of André and recalls the most dramatic and pathetic episode in the Revolutionary struggle. Ancient peace reigns in the old churchyard, and one gains from its upper reaches glimpses of the noble river. In quaintness of structure and in historic interest the old church at Sleepy Hollow holds a first place among the buildings which recall the early history of the country.

As the Trinity celebration recalled the virtues and qualities of the English in our early life, so the Sleepy Hollow celebration recalled the qualities and virtues of the Dutch. They settled the lower Hudson; it was their speech which was heard in the old church, and they sleep in the quiet churchyard. Historical study has invested the Dutch character both here and at home with increasing importance and dignity. It is now seen that many of the fruits of independence which the Puritan plucked and held with a resolute hand but with an intense self-consciousness, the Dutch plucked and held with as firm a hand and without self-consciousness. More than this, it is now known that the Puritan learned much from his association with the Dutch, and that the Dutch element in the early life of the country and in the civic conceptions which inspired that life was far more influential than was formerly believed. The different phases of the history of the old church and of the community, and of the quality and influence of the Dutch character, were brought out in the very interesting and admirably arranged exercises and services in the old church, in the modern church in which the congregation of the First Reformed Church now worships, and in Music Hall at Tarrytown. Solidity, sincerity, and quiet growth are still characteristic of this ancient church, and now, at the end of two hundred years, it illustrates the ancestral quality of steadfastness in a pastorate which has already, although the Rev. John K. Allen, D.D., is still comparatively a young man, passed its twenty-fifth year. It is not too much to say that in our changing and shifting conditions this pastorate has been a beautiful example of quiet growth, of widening spiritual power, and of a deepening influence not only upon the church itself but upon the whole community; an influence which rests on tried and trained service, on intellectual gifts of a high order, and on a long and consistent consecration.

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The Spectator

In the cities we have thus far seen are pleasant gardens, in the heart of the city, not half an hour's drive away from the center; and in every garden music-stands and cafés, and every evening the cafés are full and the bands are playing. We have found them so at Hamburg, Copenhagen, Christiania; and even in the little town of Skien, with less than ten thousand inhabitants, next to the church, the most prominent and central building was a Festivitieslocale.

Guide: In America the situation would have been occupied with a high school, which perhaps would have been just as well.

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At Hamburg we took an early evening dinner at a café in the Zoölogical Gardens. Remembering prices and quality in similar places in America, I thought the Guide a trifle reckless in his selection of a restaurant. But the quality was excellent and the price moderate. It was a curious feature of this dining-hall that the meats were served from a metal table—one for each kind of meat—where they were kept warm by hot water in an alcohol lamp, and the table was rolled up to each diner when he was ready for his joint, and cut off for him there, instead of being carved in the kitchen and comfortably cooled in the process of transportation. A fine German band was playing at a music-stand near by; on an adjoining piazza a German family were taking their dinner—mother, children, and evidently grandchildren—and at another table sat mother and daughter, the mother resting after the work of the day, the daughter sewing. They were taking an afternoon tea, or rather coffee. We were all under cover, well protected from the rain, but were all in the open air, though there were rooms to which escape might be made if it were cold. The whole scene, as a social function, seemed to me much more sensible than the afternoon tea which serves, or is supposed to serve, an analogous social purpose in America.

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After dinner the Guide took us to a Flower Show. This occupied the whole of a great park, many acres in extent, which nature had intended for a pleasure-ground, and which art had improved. Flowers everywhere: flowers out-of-doors; flowers in halls and houses; flowers in beds; flowers in pots; flowers cut; flowers in natural bouquets; flowers in very artificial bouquets; by far the greatest collection of flowers I ever saw. The grounds were so ample that there were six different bands playing in different parts of the grounds, and yet they did not interfere; and the grounds were one great garden. At one point was a regimental band; at another a band solely composed of trumpeters; at another a fine orchestra, rendering the best classical music. The latter was in an immense hall, itself a great flower-garden, the audience standing in front of the orchestra, or walking quietly among fountains and flowers of this indoor garden. But most of the bands were out-of-doors, and a large proportion of the audiences were eating, drinking, or smoking—especially drinking and smoking. In the flower-rooms smoking was forbidden.

Guide: The difference between the Holy Land and Germany is that one flowed with milk and honey, and the other flows with beer and coffee.

Friend: Do you not think that the drinking is excessive?

Philosopher: Everybody drinks, but no one gets drunk.

Friend: No one?

Guide: I have seen two drunken men since we landed; both in Christiania.

What the Guide does not see is not to be seen; so we may be sure that his is a correct report of our observations during a two weeks' sojourn in Germany and Scandinavia. And we have been among the plain people, and in the poorer as well as the better parts of the cities.

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This garden visit led to an extended ethical discussion, of which I act simply as reporter.

Philosopher: There is no doubt that the Europeans know how to live better than we do. They take life more easily; have a greater spirit of content; get more enjoyment out of it as they go along. We are altogether too enterprising. Wherever we are and whatever we are doing, we are always in a hurry to get somewhere else and do something different. Perhaps the Europeans spend too much thought in enjoying life; but we spend too little.

Friend: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world; for if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

Philosopher: Of course not. You must not love *things*, you must love persons. But

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you are to *enjoy* things. The Bible says expressly that the Father gave us all things richly to enjoy.

Guide: I do not deny the truth of the familiar motto, "Be virtuous and you'll be happy;" but I am inclined to think there is quite as much truth in the converse motto, "Be happy and you will be virtuous."

Friend: But do you not think that giving so much time to eating and drinking tends to animalism?

Philosopher: Exactly the reverse. The animal never gives much time to eating. Did you ever see them feed the animals in a Zoölogical Garden? The quicker the brutes can devour their portion, the better they are satisfied. We Americans allow "twenty minutes for refreshments," and eat as passengers do at a railway station—or at least we used to, for since Dickens satirized us so unmercifully but justly we have made some improvement. If the American wants a drink, he goes to a bar, calls for his whisky—the stronger the drink the better—tosses it off, and goes out again. That I call animalism. The German eats his dinner at his leisure, surrounds himself with music, flowers, and, best of all, friends, aids his digestion by a glass of wine or of beer taken in as leisurely a fashion as the rest of his dinner, and, with a pipe for a companion, rests half an hour afterwards for the dinner to digest. He makes his dinner a social function, which the animal never does.

Friend: And yet do you not think that if he spent less for beer, he would be more prosperous?

Philosopher: What do you mean by prosperous?

Guide (sententiously): Getting on.

Friend: No! not that. If he spent less for beer and tobacco, would he not have more to spend for—education?

Guide: Are you sure that the education in Germany and Scandinavia does not compare favorably with that in America? I met a Finnish gentleman yesterday, who told me that in the schools of Finland the children study, besides the Finnish language, French, German, Swedish, Russian, and English.

Friend (meditatively): There is this to be said in favor of the Philosopher's view of eating and drinking, that Christ chose a meal for his most sacred sacrament.

Philosopher: And I think that the Church has made a great mistake in treating that supper as though Christ meant only a church meal, to be taken once a quarter, or once a month, or even once a week, as an occasion for remembering him. He meant that his disciples should make every meal a social occasion, and should remember him in them all, as though he might at any time "drop in."

Friend: As he did at Emmaus. I like that idea. But it is not inconsistent with the other—making a special meal at which he is specially invited.

Philosopher: Not at all. I only insist that fellowship is distinctively Christian, not animal; and that when a social meal degenerates, as it has often done, into a scene of gluttony and drunkenness, the remedy is not to banish the fellowship, but to banish the gluttony and drunkenness, and invite back the fellowship.

Guide: Then you do not believe in the aphorism, "We eat to live."

Philosopher: No! the antithesis between "We eat to live" and "We live to eat" is a false one, as most antitheses are. Eating is a part of our life, and a very important part; and we are to make the most and the best of it.

Friend: Guzzling beer and puffing smoke like a steam-engine may be making the most of it, but I doubt whether it is making the best of it.

Guide: Point well put.

Friend: And one thing I am sure of. We must import something else from Germany besides their beer-gardens. We do everything in a hurry, and therefore we eat and drink in a hurry. The Germans do everything in a leisurely fashion, and therefore they eat and drink in a leisurely fashion. We need to import their leisure, not their beer.

Whatever the Philosopher may have thought of the negative side of that statement, I am sure that we all agreed with its affirmative side.

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The Vacation Fund

SPECIAL GIFT

From an Unknown Friend	$5,000 00

FOR VACATION EXPENSES

Previously acknowledged	6,455 49
M. W. P.	10 00
S. A. D.	1 00
From a Friend, Lockport, N. Y.	2 00
J. R. M., Chefoo, China	4 00
J. A. G., Harrisburg, Pa.	2 00
Oxford, Conn., Y. P. S. C. E.	2 00
S. H., Newport, R. I.	2 00
R. E. G., Andover, Vt.	5 00
Norwich, Vt.	1 00
Total	$11,484 49

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The Heresy of a Good Example

By Gerald Stanley Lee

ONE of the reasons why people criticise a sermon, when they would not think of criticising a book or an article in the same way, is because the sermon is profoundly designed to help them; and there is nothing a man is so particular about as the way he is helped. The subject of what he wants is something that he has thought a good deal about. He feels well informed about it. He does not want to be treated as if he were like any one else; and he is liable to be offended if he is treated as if he were different from any one else. Preaching or teaching of any kind, to one man he knows at least, amounts to this: "If he helps me, I will forgive him for thinking that he can; if he doesn't—." "I do not want to sit in a pew," he says, "to be guessed at and fumbled on for half an hour." Perhaps he adds a word or so about the good man who tries to do it. "Why should a minister be paid fifty dollars a week to extemporize," he says, "on a man's immortal soul, as if he knew all about him by calling on his wife and children once a year?" The man who talks like this is unreasonable, of course. But that is not to the point. The unreasonable man is the very man we want to reach—unreasonableness and all.

He feels that it will take a great deal of a man to help him. He is right about it. The less of a man he is, the more of a man it will take; the more unwilling he will be to be practiced upon, and the more ungenerous in judging of mistakes. But we have to deal with facts. Men are the hardest ones. And the fact exists: this subtle, obstinate grudge on the part of our human nature—a large proportion of it—against any one who tries to improve us. We admire those who are trying to improve other people, but for all practical purposes there is always a rub when the thing comes to be actually applied. Every one considers himself an exception. In the abstract, we know that we need to be improved, and if there were only some abstract way of being improved, of being improved slyly, by those who seem to be doing something else, or by people who charge the air about them with moral ozone and tone our whole nature without our knowing it, we would like to be improved. As it is, some of us, it is to be feared, would almost rather not be improved at all.

Considering how much there is of this sort of prejudice among men, it is a serious question how churches can manage to overcome the disadvantage of seeming to advertise that they are helpful.

Professing to help people, for instance—hanging out a sign for it, almost, the way a clergyman (as the public regards his profession) seems obliged to seem to do—is a problem which many Christians as well as many clergymen have to face. The fact that the very church building, to many who pass by it, seems to placard piety, that the bells seem ringing Sundays down the street, "Come and be like us," is a fact to be dealt with. It cannot be helped. To a degree, at least, it is inseparable from having a church at all. How can a Christian so conduct himself, with what humility and what true ring of manliness, as to outweigh, if may be, the inevitable embarrassment, in many quarters, of seeming to profess to help people before the help has time to speak for itself? A reputation is a serious thing to have. We will not even endanger a jest by saying beforehand that it is funny; and the man who is introduced to an audience with graceful compliments as to his eloquence has to begin by making them think that it is a mistake, before he can be eloquent at all; and while this idea can be carried too far, and generally is, by those who hold it, a growing class can be found in every community that stands aloof from the churches because they are morbidly conscious in this regard. Inviting the public to be improved, from their point of view, is an undertaking which, considering all its difficulties, does less harm than one would really expect. They will admit that help is given, but they are by no means willing to run the risk of trying to give help themselves; and when they do, they are so careful to avoid the reputation of doing it that they give their help as if they were almost ashamed of it, as if they ought to know better than to be helping people!

As was originally remarked by the man who lost it, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." It does not follow

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that one is to avoid having a good name as a matter of tact in reaching one's fellow-men, but it does follow that unless the good name is very truly humble, unless it is very strictly in the third person, it will damage a great many people. A very little "I," diligently employed, will practically overthrow the effects of more righteousness than most of us are likely to have. There are few people who are good enough to endure the strain of letting any one know that they are good beforehand. It is human nature to love religion in people afterwards. It has to be discovered. The Christian must find some way or, if there is no way, some spirit in his life which will make this possible, which will make him a continual discovery. Helpfulness hardly ever works—we have all observed it—except as a surprise. We may have reason to expect that we will be helped by certain persons, but even then we will probably be helped in a way that we did not expect, and they will probably help us in a way that *they* did not expect. Probably they will not know that they have helped us at all. Sometimes they had better not, except indefinitely, perhaps, for they would then go and forthwith injure some unoffending soul with a helpfulness that they have lost by becoming conscious of it.

The more we emphasize setting a good example as the purpose of right living, the harder we make it to be a good example. It makes us conscious. More than any other one thing, the appealing fact in the most beautiful Christian life is its unconsciousness—a quality which might be called innocence of virtue, and which makes the virtue irresistible.

What power there is in Christianity to-day is its unconsciousness. There is nothing that will ever take the place of the sheer lovableness of the man who does not know how good he is; and the conscious Christians we sometimes see bustling about, putting their virtues in show windows to convert the world, owe half of the incentive and all of the results of their work to the quiet souls who are scattered everywhere, whom we all know, and whom every one turns to in his heart when he is asked to be a Christian. Setting a good example, as it is called, is not only a low motive for doing a thing, the reward of which must always consist in the love of doing it, but it has the additional disadvantage of tending to affectation in evangelistic effort, of making us artificial in our relation to the very people who are the most difficult to reach. We may begin with a determination to show people what they ought to do instead of mostly telling them. We may find a little relief at times from the stress of doing right in the consciousness that others ought to be more like the example we have made it the object of our life to furnish; but there always comes, sooner or later, to the man who does not do right because he loves it, a peculiar kind of moral restlessness as he watches the effect of his life, and then—it takes a very disagreeable word to express the idea—"nagging" sets in. One slips slowly into the conclusion that the only way to do is to eke out one's good example with—more exhortation than the good example will bear. We think at first we will advertise only a little—just give a suggestion—make the virtues tempting; but, as we do not love them for themselves, and there are quite a number, perhaps, that we would almost give up if it were not for other people—why be virtuous at all, if all the trouble of being virtuous defeats its end, is not made to count upon the lives around us? If in the course of time we find ourselves advertising all the virtues that we have, and many more that we do not keep in stock, there may be no need to wonder. It is but the logical result—the voluble, artificial, conscious Christianity that every one understands in these modern days and that no one wants. Advertising is always discounted, and nowhere so much as in morals.

But what can be done about it? We must have the church—the church is organized love; and the Sunday-school, which is organized hope. They both must seem to advertise, whether they really advertise or not. Part of the difficulty arises from the fact that preaching, in the nature of the case, is a more or less public thing, and that living, in the nature of the case, is a comparatively private thing, hidden and scattered, discovered at best in the case of every man to the few who have straight-out, actual, revealing relations with his soul.

What a church preaches is massed before the community. What it does with the preaching is one of those broken and beautiful revelations that God alone can see the whole of, as he watches each sermon down the week in a thousand homes, and follows the Sunday-school where it lives.

It is hardly necessary to say, perhaps, in answer to the dilemma of all who profess, whatever the profession may be, that there

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are two ways to deal with the matter. One way is always to keep a cheap and jealous balance to be seen of the world; namely—"Here is a man who professes very little, and he does more than he professes." The other way is to refuse to keep a balance in one's favor by keeping the profession down. It rather chooses to keep the profession up, but to do it so humbly, so reverently, to live before its stern ideal day after day and night after night, as brave men always live, with the kind of unconsciousness that comes to those who love what they want to be, who keep their eyes so set upon it that they do not stop to look, and have not time to know, how they make men love them, nor how they seem to some, as they hasten along their days, the only true examples in the world.

It is all an idle difficulty, pitifully uncalled for, this great muttering question the world is always asking of the church, this endless strife between professing the example and performing it. There is but one reason why it never ceases to threaten us. The reason lies in the immemorial guilt of the human heart—its perfunctoriness—the heresy, desiccating the churches, undermining the Sunday-schools, that the object of the Christian life is "setting a good example." As long as we do not seem, in an overwhelming, radiant, convincing degree, to *enjoy being Christians*, as long as we are Christians in a resigned way, for the benefit of other people, the other people are not only bound to find it out, but they are bound to pity or to laugh when they do. It is idle to remonstrate with them for not wanting a religion we do not want ourselves; and if sometimes, to the eyes of a world that demands to love before it believes, the whole vast machinery of Christian work, with its conventions around the globe, its endless papers and books and meetings everywhere, should seem like a huge international organization for advertising what we all want other people to have, there is no answer that we can make except the answer that must come from each soul by itself, the answer that shall be heard more clearly every day of Christ's presence on the earth, that there is no converting power in doing truth except the joy of doing it. If we cannot have that converting power, God grant to us the dim joy, the slow, brave prayer of doing it, the hope that because we do it or seek to do it we shall know it by and by as only those can know who have done it long enough to love it for itself.

Receptivity

By Edith M. Thomas

O ALL ye boundless powers of light and air,
That break the morning to a wistful world,
That tint with rose the column slow upcurled
From homely hearths of men—it is your care
To see refreshment poured out everywhere,—
Each one of million flowers with dew impearled,
And breathe the soul of flight to wings close furled:
Glad must ye be, such gifts abroad to bear.

Yet, ah! the little flower with brimful urn,
The wakened bird that now resumes its song,
How glad are they with merely being blest!
They need do nothing more. From them I learn
How simply sweet it is, the whole day long—
My Love, within the bounty of thy love to rest!

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Aids to the Devout Life

III.—The "Holy Living and Dying"

By Amory H. Bradford

WITH most readers of devotional literature "Holy Living and Dying" occupies a place next to "The Imitation of Christ." It differs from that immortal work in that its author is well known, and also in the fact that, while one smells of the cloister and the monastic cell, the other breathes the air of action and suggests contact with life and society. Jeremy Taylor, perhaps the greatest preacher that the Anglican Communion has ever produced, was the son of a barber in the university city of Cambridge, England. He was born in 1613 and died in 1667. He was a compeer of John Howe and John Milton, and a partisan on the side of royalty, as they were on the side of Cromwell and the Commonwealth. Like them he suffered for his faith, although he seldom, if ever, endured persecution. His marvelous abilities received scant recognition in his Church. He was Bishop of Down and Connor, and later of Dromore, but these were relatively obscure positions. He was pre-eminently a preacher, and his sermons have an enduring place in literature. Concerning his genius as an author, Lord Jeffrey, in his Essay on the Dramatic Works of John Ford, uses this strong language: "Without going to those who composed in meter, and chiefly for purposes of delight, we will venture to assert that there is in any one of the prose folios of Jeremy Taylor more fine fancy and original imagery, more brilliant conceptions and glowing expressions, more new figures and new applications of old figures, more, in short, of the body and the soul of poetry, than in all the odes and the epics that have since been produced in Europe." The work which is his chief title to fame is "Holy Living and Dying." The circumstances under which it was written are clearly indicated in the first words of the Dedication of the first part: "I have lived to see religion painted upon banners and thrust out of churches; and the temple turned into a tabernacle, and that tabernacle made ambulatory, and covered with skins of beasts and torn curtains." Thus he described the state of religion during the struggles between the King and the Parliament in the rough days of the Puritan Revolution.

The book contains two parts—"Holy Living" and "Holy Dying." "Holy Living" is divided into four chapters on the following subjects: "Considerations of the General Instruments and Means Serving to a Holy Life;" "Christian Sobriety;" "Christian Justice;" "Christian Religion." "Holy Dying" contains five chapters with the following titles: "A General Preparation towards a Holy and Blessed Death, by Way of Consideration;" "A General Preparation towards a Holy Death, by Way of Exercise;" "The State of Sickness and the Temptations Incident to it, with their Proper Remedies;" "The Practice of the Graces Proper to the State of Sickness, which a Sick Man may Practice Alone;" "The Visitation of the Sick, or the Assistance that is to be done to Dying Persons by the Ministry of the Clergy." Each of these chapters consists of two parts: first, reflections on the general subject; and then, prayers by which graces may be cultivated and temptations and evils avoided. The following from the Introduction is essential to an understanding of the book: "It becomes us to remember and to adore God's goodness for it, that God hath not only permitted us to serve the necessities of our nature, but hath made them to become parts of our duty. . . . There is not one minute of our lives (after we have come to the use of reason) but we are or may be doing the work of God, even when we most of all serve ourselves." With the author, religion has relation to all life. It is essentially ethical and spiritual. This truth is especially prominent in "Holy Living." A characteristic sentence illustrating his belief that all spheres of thought and action belong to religion is the following: "In their proportions, also, a king and a priest, and a prophet, a judge, and an advocate, doing the works of their employment according to their proper rules, are doing the work of God; because they serve those necessities which God hath made, and yet made no provision for them but by their ministry."

The spiritual and ethical teaching of the

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book is more fully illustrated, the one by the chapter on "The Practice of the Presence of God," and the other by the chapter on "Christian Sobriety." The "practice of the presence of God" is the chief exercise in the Holy Living. That phrase, "practice of the presence of God," is a fine illustration of Bishop Taylor's felicity as a writer. His imagery is often tropical; his learning sometimes almost cloys with its richness and abundance; but at all times there is such fitness in the selection of words and phrases as gives to his most splendid rhetoric the force of epigrams. He who catches that phrase, "the practice of the presence of God," ever afterward shows its influence. "The consequents and effects of it are universal. He that remembers that God stands a witness and a judge beholding every secrecy, besides his impiety, must have put on impudence if he be not much restrained in his temptation to sin." Such sentences as the following cling to the memory with a force of their own: "But if you will sin, retire yourself wisely, and go where God cannot see; for nowhere else can you be safe."

The rules for realizing the divine presence are not so satisfactory as might be expected, probably because rules for such exercises have little value. Bishop Taylor's suggestions, in brief, are as follows: (1) Let this actual thought often return, that God is omnipresent, filling every place. (2) In the beginning of actions of religion, make an act of adoration—that is, solemnly worship God, and place thyself in God's presence, and behold him with the eye of faith. (3) Let everything you see represent to your spirit the presence, the excellency, the power of God. (4) In your retirement make frequent colloquies, or short discoursings, between God and your soul. (5) Represent and offer to God "acts of love and fear." (6) Remember that God is in us, and that we are in him; . . . we are in his presence, let us not pollute it by unholy and impure actions. (7) "God is in the bowels of thy brother;" refresh them when he needs it, and then you give your alms in the presence of God and to God. (8) God is in every place, therefore suppose it to be a church. (9) God is in every creature; be cruel towards none, neither abuse any by intemperance. (10) He walks as in the presence of God who converses with Him in frequent prayers and frequent communion; who runs to Him in all his necessities; who asks counsel of Him in all his doubtings; who opens all his wants to Him; who weeps before Him for his sins; who asks remedy and support for his weakness; who fears Him as a judge, reverences Him as a lord, obeys Him as a father, and loves Him as a patron.

The key to the "Holy Living and Dying" is the phrase "the realization of God." He who realizes God will use his time aright, will have purity of motive, will be clean in thought and act, and will make his body and mind fit to be the sanctuary of the divine.

The thoroughness of Bishop Taylor's ethical teaching is illustrated in the pages which treat of Chastity and Humility. What advice could be wiser than this: "If thou beest assaulted with an unclean spirit, trust not thyself alone, but run forth into company whose reverence and modesty may suppress, or whose society may divert, thy thoughts"?

The passage in the section on Humility which is most practical and cuts deepest is the following: "Whatsoever evil thou sayest of thyself, be content that others should think to be true; and if thou callest thyself fool, be not angry if another says so of thee. For if thou thinkest so truly, all men in the world desire other men to be of their opinion; and he is a hypocrite that accuses himself before others with an intent not to be believed. But he that calls himself intemperate, foolish, lustful, and is angry when his neighbors call him so, is both a false and a proud person."

The "Holy Living" is spiritual but not mystical, ethical but not impossible. It is excellent among devotional books because level to the temptations, the trials, the aspirations, and the inspirations of men of every class, in every time, and of every nation. Rich in learning, brilliant and vivid in style, it is also epigrammatic and sententious. In their expression its profoundest truths are like barbed arrows which go deep and cannot be pulled out.

The "Holy Dying" is inferior to the "Holy Living." The two parts bear much the same relation to each other as "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained." Bishop Taylor had long lived in the consciousness that death was near. In the Introduction he speaks of his own sorrow, and writes as one who has long looked into the face of the shadow. The ethical quality which was so prominent in the first part is equally prominent in the second. His idea of preparation for death, or, as he finely calls it, "the act of dying well," is not separation from the world, but righteousness in the world. "I pray not

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that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil one." He seems to have read the whole literature of death. Some of his phrases startle with their suggestiveness, as when he says: "A sudden death certainly loses the rewards of a holy sickness."

The following remedies against the fear of death are suggested: We must learn to despise the world; we must neither love anything passionately, nor be proud of any circumstances of life; we must learn that to fear death is cowardly; we must remember that fear is a cause of fear; we must be in love with "the felicities of the saints and angels, and seek to realize the unseen and spiritual sphere; we must learn trust in God; we must never excuse ourselves in our fears." "After all this I do not say it is a sin to be afraid of death. . . . Our blessed Lord was pleased to legitimate fear to us by his agony and prayers in the garden. It is not a sin to be afraid, but it is a great felicity to be without fear." The best of all remedies against dread of death has no place in this catalogue; viz., the sight of the dying who have fought a good fight and kept the faith. To look upon the face of a friend as he goes away; to be one of a group whose tears will not cease, while the one who is dying is calm, confident, and triumphant; to listen to lasting good-bys spoken as if only a short and beautiful journey were ahead; to see pain soften itself into peace, and a tired and worn body go to sleep like a weary child—that takes away the dread of death as nothing else can. When a strong man or frail woman looks upon such a sight, he feels—Well, I too dare go along the pathway that has been so light before the feet of the one I love. It may seem as if meditation on death were not wise, but that is a mistake. Brooding over it no doubt leads to fear; but, on the other hand, more fear and suffering result from the surprises of those who have been too carefully guarded from the face of the guest who "knocks at the palace and the cottage gate." We should not stay long in the charnel-house, but it is good now and then to look in, at least often enough to see that it is not always a place of chills and glooms, but, for many, a mansion of peace and rest. Look upon the face of a good man who is waving his farewell to the earth, and you will understand that he is embarking on no wild sea; listen to the good-bys of those who have loved you, and it will not be so hard to speak your own when the moment to speak them comes.

One of the best chapters in "Holy Dying" bears the somewhat singular title "Advantages of Sickness." The thought needs emphasis in these days. He says: "In sickness the soul begins to dress herself for immortality." By sickness the soul knocks off the fetters of pride and vainer complacencies; then she takes off the roughness of her great and little angers and animosities; sickness is that agony in which men are tried for a crown; sickness is often a means by which men are made to realize their sin and thus are helped to prepare for heaven." The modern notion that all sickness is unmixed evil would have found little sympathy with the author. Sickness and suffering are the instruments by which God accomplishes His purposes in and for man. Instruments usually have no moral quality; they are the means by which blessings are communicated.

The book closes as follows: "It remains that we who are alive should so live, and by the actions of religion attend the coming of the day of the Lord, that we neither be surprised nor leave our duties imperfect, nor our sins uncanceled, nor our persons unreconciled, nor God unappeased; but that, when we descend to our graves, we may rest in the bosom of the Lord, till the mansions be prepared where we shall sing and feast eternally."

Two ideas are central in this great work—"the art of living well" and "the art of dying well." How may these arts be acquired? The answer is, By learning to realize the presence of God. Those who realize God are afraid of nothing on the earth except failing to do His will, and of nothing beyond the earth except the hiding of His face.

Among devotional classics the first place belongs to "The Imitation of Christ;" and the second place, it seems to me, with equal clearness belongs to the "Holy Living and Dying." Both are a part of that larger Bible which is the record of the deepest experience of the most spiritual and therefore the most Christian souls of all the ages.

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The want which we vainly proposed to relieve soon looks up at us with reproachful face from the still graves. The tears we failed to wipe away dry upon the cheek, and leave us in the presence of the averted features of distrust, instead of the eye of sweet reliance. The just expectation which we have disappointed cannot be recovered; there must be a long undoing, before you can weave again, in even lines and pattern fair, the tangled web of life.—*James Martineau.*

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An American Musical Festival

By Lilla P. M. Curran

THE recent Musical Festival at Worcester was a significant occasion in the art life of America. The scheme of the Festival was an admirable one, so all the critics agree; the programmes were well arranged; the Boston Symphony Orchestra played as, in this country, only that body of men can play; the chorus, in purity, volume of tone, precision of attack, and clearness of enunciation, gave a performance perhaps unequaled on our continent except by those of the Musical Art Society of New York; and the soloists were for the most part eminent artists who appreciated the noble tasks they had come to accomplish. All this and more have the critics said with hearty warmth of praise; and yet there is still another aspect of this year's Worcester Festival worth while noting.

For the Festival was a notable indication of the development of musical spirit and taste in this country. We have had at least one or two great poets, essayists, philosophers, novelists; a host of minor writers of no mean attainments; some artists and sculptors of wide reputation and great artistic powers; all of these being distinctively American in so far as an artist can belong to any one particular country. We have musical composers, also, with undoubted claims to respect—a very few—you can count them on the fingers of one hand. But although we are essentially a musical people, and have been since the first Pilgrim set foot on Plymouth Rock and the first settler came to Jamestown, we have been somewhat dilettante with our music, and, listening to it with eagerness and delight as it is brought to us from Germany, Italy, Russia, Scandinavia, have thought of no further responsibility in the matter. Of course, here and there some one has started up spasmodically and concluded it would be well for this country if Americans took their music more seriously, made more of a habit of it; some few others have striven earnestly (notably among them the various Women's Musical Clubs) to create this habit and foster this taste in their countrymen; but, in public at least, there has been but little music given as a result of this feeling, and still less that one can honestly call home production, and yet point to with unreserved pride. There were, however, two works produced at the Worcester Festival by American composers which showed not only breadth of treatment and dignity of conception, but that subtle, informing grace, that intangible aspiring something which takes a work of art out of the lower plane of technical correctness and puts it on the higher one of divinely spiritual interpretation. I refer to the "Hora Novissima" of Mr. Horatio G. Parker, and the "Indian Suite" of Mr. Macdowell.

The "Hora Novissima" is called an oratorio. It is a composition for chorus, solo, and quartette singing, and is accompanied by orchestra and organ. The subject to which the music is set is the ancient hymn of Bernard of Cluny, one or two excerpts from which are very familiar to most of us in the hymns, "The world is very evil," "Brief life is here our portion," "For thee, O dear, dear country," and "Jerusalem the Golden." This hymn is from "De Contemptu Mundi," a work of three thousand lines, and written about the year 1145. It was made known to the modern world by Dean Trench, and translated into English by Dr. Neale under the title "The Celestial City," the English adaptation of "Hora Novissima," however, being by Mrs. Isabella G. Parker, Mr. Parker's mother.

The work has been produced a number of times before, but never, perhaps, as perfectly as at the Worcester Festival. There was there a perfection not only of execution but of interpretation which raised the performance to a point which, as I have said, commanded justly the enthusiastic praise of the critics, but also gave the American listener a thrill of pride in the lofty conception, with its inspiring manifestation by his fellow-countryman. One could almost imagine the shades of our forefathers—our forefathers whose crude efforts at music, though limited to theoretically correct yet often very distressful harmonic utterances, came from the same lofty aspiration—listening with bated breath to this rendition of the beautiful old hymn of the Monk of Cluny given by their descendants at the very end of the nineteenth century.

In another way, Mr. Macdowell's "Indian Suite" appeals as strongly to the American who hopes for high attainments for the art

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of music in this country, and by Americans. Mr. Macdowell, as well as Mr. Parker, was born in America, as almost every one knows. Mr. Macdowell is at the head of the musical department of Columbia University, as Mr. Parker is at the head of that at Yale. To many an apology would be almost necessary for repeating these already well-known facts. To others, however, the professorships may not come to mind in considering the works of Messrs. Macdowell and Parker, and the effect of them at the Worcester Festival.

The "Indian Suite" has five movements, and in character they are not unlike those of other suites. We find written against them: "I. With much dignity, etc. II. Softly, tenderly. III. With rough vigor, etc. IV. Dirge-like, mournfully. V. Swift and light." We hear the music played as directed, and though at first it seems in strange guise, to those of us who have become at all familiar with the music of the North American Indian these strains from their folk-songs, made use of by Mr. Macdowell with so much skill, come to us with peculiar intensity and freshness. The American Indian has a song for almost every act of his life, among which perhaps the songs of his religious customs are most numerous and prominent. These songs have an originality, force, and beauty quite their own, not easily distinguished when given by the harsh, excited voices of the Indians, but plainly apparent when written down and harmonized as they have been by an American musician. Mr. Macdowell has idealized these Indian themes, and we have a composition which is handled ably, written with musicianly skill, which has the touch of genius in it that makes it admirable to any musician of any land, and which is based on the Indian music of the Indians of our own country—the Indians who we sometimes forget were our friends when John Eliot worked among them.

The Worcester Festival began with a composition by a celebrated Frenchman; it ended with one by a Frenchman still more celebrated; it had in its programme a fine number by Brahms, several of great beauty by Wagner, and the "Symphonie Pathétique" of Tschaikowsky. It is a significant fact, and one of great interest and encouragement, that in such company as this the two compositions of Americans should not only have held their own, but outranked, in the freely expressed opinion of the more noted critics, at least one of the composers mentioned.

The hymn—our forefathers' only music—and the songs of our native Indian tribes are surely of the beginnings ot music in America; and the fact that such noble works as the "Hora Novissima" and the "Indian Suite" are built on ideas which Americans frankly comprehend and with which they sympathize, is an event in our art life which should give us pleasure to note and remember.

A Minister's Sunday in the Wilderness

By the Rev. John H. Lockwood

THE minister had spent many Sundays in the wilderness—not in the same region or in the same State. He had been in the Adirondacks in early days, when it was easier to find a remote solitude in which to pitch a tent than to find a summer hotel swarming with guests and reeking with civilization—conditions since reversed. He had spent many Sundays in the vast isolation of northern Maine, in tent and log camp, and in the one elegant caravansary of the region, at Kineo. He had become used to being "twelve miles from a lemon" and a meeting-house, and each year had found the exceptional experience quite endurable after months of official starch and ecclesiastical responsibility.

He had tried various methods of "improving" the day, to borrow an ancient homiletical term, spending hours of meditative solitude roaming in the forest, or drifting slowly over some mountain-begirt lakelet, chatting with semi-seriousness around a smoldering camp-fire, and conducting an informal but sweetly solemn service for guides and sportsmen fortuitously thrown together for a few days, then to be scattered to the four corners of the continent.

The minister had grappled with many problems relating to the observance of Sunday in city and town, and he had found some kindred problems to be solved even in the wilderness. They were due largely to the fact that fishing, the engrossing occupation of other days, could be construed by his conscience into a work neither of necessity nor

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mercy to man or trout, in order to justify it on the Sabbath.

This one Sunday of which he writes, his last in the wilderness for the year '97, was so unique, and made upon him so deep an impress, that he feels constrained to attempt a sketch of it, though realizing the futility of the task. Even were he an expert word-artist, he could not portray those woodsy pictures so vividly as to make them clear to any one who has not seen their living beauty.

The morning dawned in undimmed loveliness after days of storm and chill. It was such a one as needs the wilderness to crown its glory, where nature reigns supreme and man's only part in the pageant is that of a ravished spectator; where mountain, forest, lake and stream, sunshine and sky, pre-empt and engross eye and soul.

The glory of this new Sunday filled the minister with longing to make the most of it. But how? Between two great lakes, he looked up Mooselucmaguntic, but its whole extent was familiar to him. He then looked down Molechunkamunk, with the same conviction. But the dimpled water extending to its northern bound and the regions beyond offered the attraction of novelty, though that is not essential to the fascination of the wilderness. Familiarity with it can never breed contempt in one who loves it. The minister decided to explore in that direction.

With a Sunday-school superintendent from one of our inland cities to represent the pews, and a guide to keep the two novices in woodcraft from hopeless entanglement in the "forest primeval," the improvement of that Sunday was begun.

To row over the three-mile stretch to the lake head was mere sport to the lusty young woodsman. From the landing an easy trail an among giant trees and mossy boulders for half a mile to an exquisite little lake called "The Pepper-Pot," so tiny that it seemed almost possible to step across it from shore to shore. A few strokes of the paddle in a boat that threatened to founder during the brief cruise soon carried the trio over, and another short trail brought them to a larger and even more beautiful lake—the West Richardson.

Its shores were not disfigured, like those of too many mountain ponds, by the gaunt and gray skeletons of trees killed by overflowing waters, since its natural level had never been disturbed for purposes of commerce. All around its margin lake and forest met in unbroken harmony.

At a modest camp on the farther side the prospective dinner, to be eaten with ravenous gusto later, was hidden away from sneak-thieves in feathers or fur, and a blazed trail was taken leading to the top of Observatory Mountain, about a mile distant. Squirrels chattered in the tree-tops; a fox darted across the trail to a safe covert; a ruddy gleam among the bushes evidenced a departing deer, that had not sufficient confidence in their rev erence for the decalogue to give the intruders a chance to study its graceful form.

The ascent, at first gradual, became toward the end so steep and rough as to stimulate the minister's heart to activity seldom experienced elsewhere than on pulpit stairs. Nor did its tumultuous throbbings cease when the crest was gained, and with raptured gaze he strove to embrace the vast panorama. It was simply overwhelming—a limitless expanse of mountain and valley covered by virgin forest, broken only by lake and stream that glistened in the autumn sunshine. With increasing distance the foliage became more velvety, stretching smoothly to the horizon on every side.

From that vantage-point, three thousand feet above the sea, and a third of that height above the Rangeley sextet of lakes, four of them could be seen in part—all but Cupsuptic on the northeast and Umbagog on the southwest, which were hidden by forest ridges. Nearer the foot of Observatory, the East and West Richardson, the Pepper-Pot, the two Beavers, and other small ponds gleamed in their emerald settings. The meanderings of the Magalloway River on its tortuous course from Parmachenee Lake to the Androscoggin, like a rope of silver, could be followed for a dozen miles till lost behind a spur of Mount Aziscohos.

Far in the southwest—forty miles away—loomed the Presidential range of the White Mountains, Madison, Adams, Jefferson, and Washington, majestic even at that distance. Much nearer and more distinct, Speckle and Saddleback reared their massive shoulders. Other mountains were scattered everywhere. But more impressive even than such huge details of the picture was its general character—unbroken wildness, with not an acre of cleared land visible, nor any work of man, save a half-dozen sportsmen's camps barely discernible through the trees. Within the broad circle of the horizon there was naught

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to modify the impressiveness of God's handiwork, save those few rude shelters from the storm, and they were hardly appreciable in its vastness.

The minister's whole being thrilled with solemn emotions. If not with unsandaled feet, like Moses before the burning bush, yet with uncovered head, he bowed under an awesome realization of the divine immanence. The silence was itself suggestive—broken only by the æolian harps of the forest. The only living creature in sight was a hawk, sailing high above the valley, but so far below the mountain's brow as to present the rare spectacle of his somber back instead of his snowy breast.

In quivering sympathy with an incident of long ago in the far-off Syrian land, the minister read the opening verses of the fifth chapter of Matthew and other selections from the Sermon on the Mount, and then prayed toward the heaven that seemed so near. A responsive "Amen," reverent and fervent, came from his small congregation, and each heart felt that a spiritual experience then reached its meridian as manifestly as the sun overhead in a cloudless sky.

Slow and unwilling footsteps turned from that mountain shrine toward the valley paths and commonplace living, but the glory of the height still glowed in one soul at least. The minister had stood within the veil, and enjoyed a sublime hour of worship. The inspiration of that one Sunday in the wilderness must abide with him through coming years.

Personalities of Literary and Journalistic Women

By Olga Stanley

THE number of women who have taken literature or journalism for their life-work is ever increasing, and many of them are meeting with well-deserved success, though some drop from the ranks and fall by the wayside, discouraged by lack of financial gain; but these go into it for only sordid reasons, and not from love of the work itself.

Frances Willard said, some years ago, that she believed that the broadest field in which women could work most successfully in the future was journalism; and it would seem that her prophecy were early being fulfilled.

Perhaps one of the most noticeable facts in this connection is the youth of many of the women who hold positions of importance with some of the large dailies or periodicals.

The position of editor of the Woman's Department of one of the leading New York newspapers was filled until very recently by a clever girl of twenty-two; and her successor, though some years older, has worked her way to this position in a little over a year, having but lately entered the field, and that as a reporter. It is not unusual to go to a newspaper office and, having asked to see the editor, to be introduced to some girlish-looking young woman who says:

"I am the editor."

It speaks well for the cleverness, independence, and push of the brave young "new women" of to-day.

These young women, however, do not monopolize such positions. We find the middle-aged women also occupying these editorial chairs, and some who have had long years of experience, and those who are active in many other walks of life beside.

It is very interesting to observe the various peculiarities of these women, and especially as indicated by their mode of dress.

There is, first, the most attractive of all, the one who is the pink of neatness; her gown, trim and well fitting, is thoroughly "up to date;" her hair ripples prettily off her intelligent brow, and her face glows from the benefit of her morning dip, while her hands are dainty as those of a society woman in her drawing-room. Ah! it is a pleasure to chat with her.

In antipodal relation to her is the woman whose clothes are ill fitting, and donned without much regard to set or style, possibly her skin dingy and gray, and her hair looking as though each fresh thought were dragged forth only after a very severe physical as well as mental struggle. She may be just as "brainy" a woman as the first, but is not nearly so attractive.

Then there is the one who sits all day with her hat on, as though ready to fly off at a moment's notice on some unforeseen business. She probably has not gotten over the effects of her reporter days, when a "story" must be provided and rushed through into

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the printers' hands in short order, as the boy stands ready to grab "copy" as fast as it falls from beneath the flying pencil. No time in this work to rewrite and dress up phraseology. It teaches rapidity of thought and facility of expression to be a reporter on a daily paper.

Again, we meet the curt woman who knows what she wants, and does not hesitate to tell you in as few words as possible; no temporizing with her, or getting below the surface. She probably has a sign over her desk, "This is my busy day."

Her opposite is the one who, if she cannot make use of your services or story, takes a few moments to tell you who may want it, or where your help may prove valuable.

There is always a market for everything, if we can only find it. Why! the writer for nearly two years sent one small MS., which she knew had merit, to almost every editor she ever had submitted anything to, and finally in despair sent it across the ocean (and back!) to an English periodical, only to have it find its resting-place in the columns of a magazine to which she had offered it before, but, a new editor having come to occupy the chair of the previous one, it was seized upon with avidity as very good, and soon an illustrated article delighted the eyes that had almost despaired of ever seeing it in print.

Then there is the mannish woman, who seems to feel that because she has entered a profession in which she is constantly associated with men, she must ape their manners and style of dress.

Not long since, a foreign correspondent for some English publications, resident in New York, was looking over a periodical in which was reproduced the portrait of such a woman. Except that the picture was a three-quarter-length one, and showed that her cloth suit was made with a skirt instead of trousers, it would have been impossible to say whether the portrait was that of a man or a woman, the style of hair-dressing, starched shirt-front, cutaway coat, and one hand in a front pocket, all being masculine in the extreme. The Englishman's only comment was this:

"*Fawncy* a man falling in love with *that!*"

Oh! the scorn in that last word! And the young woman to whom he made the remark wondered if literary success would have such an effect upon her, and, if it did, whether those dear to her would continue to love her as in the days of yore, because even the delights of fame might not compensate for the loss of some things, and it was not too late to withdraw gracefully.

There seemed some ground for such trepidation, as both women claimed the same town as birthplace, and it might be possible that such "freaks" were indigenous to the soil.

While we may not aim first for the admiration of our fellow-men, it is by no means to be ignored; and the women we come in contact with feel the influence of our manners and costumes, too. Therefore, if we would be truly successful in any line of work, we should feel that our limit is not reached unless we have not only scaled the heights in our chosen realm, but also made ourselves personally attractive to and beloved by our co-workers and fellow-beings generally.

Mrs. Goodbody's Clothes

By Laura E. Richards

"AND what shall I wear, my dear?" asked Mrs. Goodbody. "I want to be properly dressed, of course."

Mr. Goodbody looked up from his Lactantius.

"Wear, my love?" he repeated, vaguely. "Wear—oh! I apprehend you; at the parish reception! Ah—h'm! Why, the customary—a—garments, my love! No special costume—so far as I have observed—has ever been—"

"Optimus, you are a goose!" said the lady, gently. "I didn't propose to go in fancy dress. What I mean is, shall I wear evening dress, or walking dress, or—or what? I wasn't born a minister's wife, you know."

"Surely not, my love!" said the Rev. Optimus, with one eye wistfully seeking the tail of the last paragraph. "I—it is a pity that I am not more observant. But—ah!—the reception is to be in the evening; I should conceive that evening dress would be the suitable—eh? costume, perhaps?"

"Very well," said Mrs. Goodbody. "Then *that* is settled! I wear my blue silk with the white lace."

"My dear, you are charming in it!" said

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the Rev. Optimus; and sank with a happy sigh into his book again.

Mrs. Goodbody did wear the blue silk at the parish reception, and did look charming in it. It was her first appearance in parish life; in fact, her first appearance in any society as a married woman. The pastor of the Second Church had been given three months' vacation for his wedding journey, and he had brought his young wife home only the day before to take possession of the pretty parsonage with the ecclesiastical windows, and to be ready for the reception which was to be held in her honor. Emily Goodbody had enjoyed beyond measure her three months of blue serge and mountain-climbing, but she was a young woman and a pretty woman, and perhaps she was not sorry now to have a chance to air some of her bridal finery. She looked charming, as I said, standing by her husband's side at the head of the long, low "vestry," with the blue silk folds shimmering round her, and the lace falling softly about her white throat. Her eyes were like brown diamonds, her cheeks like wild roses, and she welcomed with the prettiest little gestures the parish magnates and their ladies, as they came sidling, stalking, or lumbering up, according to their respective figures. If there was a certain stiffness in some of the salutations, she took little note of it; she did not want people to be gushing, only glad to see her. Once or twice she encountered a gaze that seemed rather awful—notably from a stout lady in stone-colored alpaca—but she reflected that this meant earnestness and intelligence, and that every one could not be young and gay, and that it was her duty to adapt herself to all ages and dispositions. So she decided that the parishioners were very pleasant and cordial; and she thought the rooms delightful, and the tables tastefully arranged, and the flowers beautiful. She was thoroughly prepared to be in love with everything in her husband's parish—the parish that loved and honored him whom she knew to be the best and most wonderful man in the world.

Mr. Goodbody, too, was happy. He had found his pearl, his rose among women. Somehow—he hardly knew how—looking up and out from the cloud of his studies, he had seen her; and the sight was enough. The studies were for once laid aside; the maid was wooed, won, and wedded. (That is what comes sometimes of missionary conventions. He might have married at home, in the Second Congregation. The whole parish had picked out Miss Almira Twidley as the ideal minister's wife—all, that is, save those who felt sure that "one who had known trouble" could alone comprehend their wants, and that the Widow Bucksome was the one to "exert an influence.") And now, proud and happy, he had brought his Emily home to his beloved people, that they might see for themselves what a woman could be; that they might take her at once to their hearts for their model, their leader, their pride and joy. So the Rev. Optimus stood erect and jubilant, beaming through his glasses, feeling on terms of brotherly affection with the whole world; and the parish surged and cackled about him.

The minister and his wife went home elated, thinking that the evening had been a great success, and delighted with everything and everybody. But there was to be a rude awakening from their dream of peace.

Next morning one of the deacons came to call, and was shown into the minister's study. He was an elderly man, with a long upper lip, clean shaven all save a beard under the chin, and of severe aspect. He stayed some time, and when he went away Mr. Goodbody accompanied him to the door and closed it after him with something like a sigh of relief. "Dear me!" said Mr. Goodbody. "Dear—*me!*" This was a very strong expression for the Rev. Optimus to use. After standing in thought for a moment at the door of his study, he called: "Emily! are you busy, my love?"

His wife came tripping down the stairs, with a song on her lips; but the song died away at sight of his troubled face.

"What is it, Optimus? Is some one ill? I am so sorry!"

"No, my love; no one is ill. I—I am rather perplexed, Emily. I don't like to plunge you into parish difficulties so soon, my child, but—"

"But what else am I here for?" demanded Emily.

"Dear girl! and, after all, since this concerns yourself—it seems a very slight matter, but nothing is slight in parish life. The fact is—a—it appears, dear, that some people were disturbed by your costume last night."

"*My costume!*" said Mrs. Goodbody; and the words scintillated with interrogation points.

"A—yes, love! I am not observant, as you

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know, and I had not noticed that some of the congregation dress always very plainly, and discountenance gay attire. Deacon Nasmyth has just been here."

"Well?" said Emily, There was a slight metallic ring in her voice, but her eyes were loving and anxious.

"He—he thought it a pity that you were not more simply dressed. He said it had been spoken of by a number of persons, mostly among the elder ones—naturally. Then, too, it appears—I should never have thought of this—it appears that some persons feel that you, as the pastor's wife, set the standard of dress for the parish, and that if it is set too high, they must stay away from occasions which they would otherwise enjoy. Mrs. Nasmyth herself was—quite uncomfortable, the Deacon said. She is very sensitive, Mrs. Nasmyth."

"Was she a stout woman in stone-gray alpaca, with eyes to match?" asked Mrs. Goodbody, with a sudden illumination.

"Yes; I believe—yes! I am sure that would describe Mrs. Nasmyth. She is a most valuable woman; a little masterful, but one often finds that in connection with executive ability. Her feeling appears to me distinctly wrong, Emily; but still—we are young, and I am not as practical as I could wish; Mrs. Nasmyth has pointed it out to me many times. No doubt I have still much to learn; and you, my dear love—"

"And I will learn too!" said Emily Goodbody, bravely. "We will study together, Optimus dear; and, meantime, don't think about this again. Do you hear? don't let it enter your head again to-day."

She bent over him and kissed his broad forehead, and the anxious wrinkle disappeared as if by magic. The Rev. Optimus heaved a deep sigh.

"I knew you would take it in the right way, Emily," he said. "Thank you, my dear love! I am sure you will do the right thing. A woman knows what *is* the right thing in such matters; to me they appear sadly puzzling."

"Optimus, don't let it enter your mind again! I will go to the next reception in my waterproof, if it would please you or—any one whom you wish to please. Only, I cannot have you disturbed about these details. It is incongruous; it is shocking! I will certainly wear my waterproof, rather than have this sort of thing occur again."

Mrs. Goodbody was impetuous, and spoke with vehemence; Mr. Goodbody was literal, and idolized, but did not always understand, his wife.

"Surely, that could not be necessary, my love," he said, mildly. "Some modification, no doubt—your own excellent taste—" His eye wandered to the sermon before him.

"And if I *would* be so good as to go away now, eh?" She bent over him and kissed his brow again, and then left him; and he, like the good man he was, humbly thanked Heaven for his dear wife, and straightway forgot her existence.

"Another reception, Optimus? How very gay we are! We have not had an evening entirely by ourselves this week. The song meeting, and callers, and the Christian Endeavor, and now this!"

"Very gay, are we not?" cried the Rev. Optimus, rubbing his hands. "But it is all in honor of you—all! and, though aware that I am but ill qualified for social life, still I rejoice in it for your sake, Emily."

"Thank you, dear!" said Emily, demurely. "This is the Mission Circle sociable to-night, is it? Well, I think I know how to dress for *that!*"

Mrs. Goodbody appeared at the sociable of the Mission Circle in a gown of blue serge, fitting her slender figure like a glove. It was of the variety known as "tailor-made," and there was no trimming on it, save a narrow band of white chiffon at neck and wrist. She went in excellent spirits; the temporary vexation caused by Deacon Nasmyth's visit had passed off, and she glowed with a pleasant consciousness of being sure to give satisfaction this time, even to the Gorgonian dame in stone-colored alpaca. She had not been ten minutes at the Mission Sociable, however, when she became aware of something wrong. It was pleasant enough, but a dullness seemed to have fallen on the company, and here and there were blank faces, and dejected whisperings in corners. Mrs. Goodbody felt a mistake in the air, and though she kept her pretty, cheerful smile through the evening, she felt that somehow she was fighting against odds that were too strong for her; and it was with a sense of relief that she bade good-night to the missioners and went home.

Next day one of the active women of the parish called on her, and they talked of the reception the evening before.

"Yes, 'twas pleasant," the visitor assented,

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"but not so lively as I've seen here. 'Peared kind o' gloomy, if I must say so. Some wished there had been a little more dress; it livens up a party. They was kind of expecting something dressy, and some was disappointed. Not but what everything was nice!"

"Do you mean my dress, Mrs. Prattle?" asked downright Emily Goodbody.

"Well, Mis' Goodbody, I hadn't 'a' thought of mentioning it when I come in, but since you've asked me, I *did* hear it spoken of by a good many. You see, there's those that don't hardly go out evenings *unless* it's to a church gathering, and they like to see a little dress when they do go. It's a treat for them, and they go home and tell about it to them that hadn't the opportunity of going. And you coming new into the parish, the pastor's wife, and from the city and all, there was a good many that was lookin' to see the new styles. There! you won't mind my saying this, now, will you? I hadn't ought to speak of it, maybe, but—well, take one! There was Mary Cutter, she's a dressmaker, and she can't go away, as some do, to see the styles, and she was saying here was her chance, and she was in luck to get the very latest right here in our own society; and when she see you come in, dressed so plain, I see her face len'then out like a yard-measure. Not but what you looked as nice as a new pin! You mustn't misunderstand me, Mis' Goodbody; I'm so much older than you be, and my tongue does run away. I'm sure no one need ask to see anything nicer or more stylish *for* a street dress; but—there! you'll understand, I'm sure!" And Mrs. Goodbody thought she did understand.

For several days before the next parish "occasion" (for these were gala days in the Second Congregation, and every different "circle" was determined to do its duty by the minister's bride), Emily Goodbody shut herself up in her house and was accessible to no one. Callers or neighbors who had "made an errand" to run in at an odd moment, standing on the steps, heard the whir of her sewing-machine through the open window, and, after several attempts, concluded that the lady of the house could not have heard their ring. They went away, and some wondered what Mrs. Goodbody needed of more clothes, coming new-married into the parish and with an example to set; while others *did* wish they could see what she was making.

The evening came—the Dorcas Society it was this time, and the largest meeting they had had for three years. When the minister's wife entered the room, every woman caught her breath, and a low, rustling murmur went round among the benches that stood back against the wall, all of them filled with women.

Mrs. Goodbody was dressed in a gown of white cashmere ("Bran new! James Grant sold her fourteen yards of the best he had, and he's been goin' 'round askin' what she was goin' to do with it—means of her own, I'm told, so 'twon't come out of the parish")—a gown unlike anything that had ever been seen in the Second Parish, or possibly, for that matter, anywhere else.

Severely plain, almost like a nun's dress, save that it was close-fitting, buttoned from throat to waist with plain pearl buttons; the sleeves, of the fashion called "bishop's," buttoned close at the wrist; the skirt graceful, but absolutely plain. No ruffle, no lace, no ribbon; from top to toe, absolutely without adornment of any kind.

The parish stared; the parish gasped, and rolled its eyes, and stared again. Becoming? why, yes! 'peared as if she looked better than she had any time before. But—

Dressy? why, no! no one couldn't call it dressy and made like that.

Every-day? land sakes, no! nobody ever saw such a gown before, and 'most likely never would again.

Mrs. Goodbody moved about the room, serene and lovely, entirely at her ease, if no one else was. The minister beamed through his glasses, a trifle anxious, possibly, but firmly convinced that his wife was not only the most beautiful but the cleverest woman in the world; and it is certain that there has seldom been a more wide-awake meeting of the Dorcas Society.

Wherever she goes, to afternoon tea or evening party or church sociable, Emily Goodbody wears her "Parishian" costume, as she calls it. When it loses its freshness, she makes another. The parish may writhe under the knowledge that when she goes to Conference or elsewhere she takes with her, not only the blue silk, but also a pink one, reported to be of fabulous beauty. The parish has never seen it. And she is always serene, and always cheerful, and nobody speaks to her about her clothes; but all the parish knows that it is a dreadful pity their pastor's influence is so much hindered by his wife's being a hopeless eccentric.

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Books and Authors

The Problem of Knowledge [1]

One's theory of knowledge—that is, one's answer to the questions, How do we know? and What can we know?—is fundamental to the intellectual, moral, and religious life. Of course the reasoned theory of knowledge, or epistemology, is for philosophic minds; and philosophy, as Schelling said, is not everybody's affair. Everybody, however, has at least an implicit theory, daily acted on, though he may never have reflected on it. To many such, as well as to students of the subject, the philosophic discussion of it is likely, if they are not unwilling to dip into it, to prove, at least in some lines, stimulating and instructive. It is a noteworthy sign of the emphasis now laid on the importance of the subject, as at the root of stubborn controversies upon vital problems, that two treatises upon it by men of recognized power have simultaneously come forth from New England universities.

All theories of knowledge, as Professor Bowne observes, meet the fundamental question, Is knowing an active process determined by laws within thought itself, or is it only a mechanical reflection of objects in a passive consciousness? On the answer to this root question, whether the mind is active or passive in knowing, it depends whether a rational and coherent idea can be reached of ultimate reality, or whether thought is to be stalled in skepticism and confusion.

In sensation, at least, the mind seems completely passive. But the sensation, simply as occurring, has no meaning except through the subtle activity of thought which gives it some intellectual value. As the clicking of the telegraph is mere noise except as interpreted, so mere sense-impressions require transformation into ideas by the immanent activity of thought. This activity is doubtless awakened through sense-experience, but it is an activity which rationalizes the discontinuous and heterogeneous data of sense-impressions into the idea of an orderly universe.

The larger part of Professor Bowne's work is occupied with a discussion of the laws of normal thought; that is, with Logic in the broad sense of the term. The remainder deals with the theory of Knowledge, or Epistemology proper. The discussion is unencumbered with details, and deals mainly with principles and the fundamental points of the subject. A fair amount of breezy criticism, ironical, humorous, caustic, relieves Professor Bowne's pages of any imputation of dullness. The result of his criticism leaves the sensational, materialistic, fatalistic, and atheistic theories in this dilemma: they are either false, or, if true, make knowledge logically impossible.

But thoughts and things are not identical. The problem is how to grasp reality as it exists apart from our thought. "We must go behind both the finite subject and the finite object to their common ground and bond of union, if any theory of knowledge is to be possible. The dualism of the finite must be both founded and transcended in a monism of the infinite." This is generally recognized now, says Professor Bowne, even among materialists; but the dualism between thoughts and things is not cleared, and monism is merely formal or verbal, "until thought is seen to be the source of things, or to be the activity whereby things exist." It must be the thought of a doer as well as a thinker, the energizing intelligence of a Creator of things, who is also the Author of our intelligence. Only on this ground is real monism reached. This, to be sure, leaves us with the unexplained mystery of Creation, but the mystery of absolute being is preferable to that of being unintelligible to ourselves. "Every theory of knowledge must reach the theistic conclusion or suffer collapse."

Professor Ladd's work, considerably larger than Professor Bowne's, is more largely devoted to Epistemology proper, as the science of knowledge, in distinction from Logic, or the laws of thought. His expanded discussion reinforces at a number of points the criticisms of Professor Bowne, with whom he is substantially at one in his conclusions. The skepticism which is fathered upon Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" is largely due to the fallacy of supposing that it is only by that movement of the intellect which we call thinking that we attain to knowledge. But

[1] *Theory of Knowledge.* By Borden P. Bowne, Professor of Philosophy in Boston University. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.

Philosophy of Knowledge. An Inquiry into the Nature, Limits, and Validity of the Human Cognitive Faculty. By George Trumbull Ladd, Professor of Philosophy in Yale University. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York $4.

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reflection finds that feeling and will, as well as intellect, are active factors in the cognitive process. "How can a man learn to know himself?" asked Goethe, and answered: "By reflection never, only by action." Thinking is not revery or dreaming, it is serious business, with a will to it, intent upon an end. "No man," says Professor Ladd, "is likely to know the truth who does not will to know it." Moreover, some sort of feeling, or affectional impulse, the popular name for which is "interest," is indispensable both for starting and continuing the process of thinking. "I feel so" is constantly used as synonymous with "I think so." Kant's purely thinking consciousness detached from feeling and will has no reality in actual experience. Through the activity of will and feeling, by which the world of things is apprehended as resisting or yielding to us, and in various ways affecting us with attractions or aversions, thinking attains to certainty that these things are no products of our own minds, mere ideas, but realities set over against the reality of self.

From the fact, however, that "the theory of knowledge must be a theory of certainty," it does not follow that no agnosticism is justifiable. Upon many questions we must be agnostics. But a rational agnosticism can put no meaning into its avowal, "I do not know," except by the implication that it knows something. Such words as "illusion" and "lie" are meaningless, except as reality and truth are implicitly recognized as something known. Knowledge, as such, "implies the existence of universal rational consciousness as an objective standard of truth." The self-contradictory results to which human reasoning is alleged to be bound, the so-called "antinomies" of Kant, are such only for the defective theory of knowledge which identifies knowing with a thinking that is minus feeling and will.

Furthermore, it does not follow from the fact that knowledge is founded upon experience that it is limited by experience. Experience, as such, is a mere fact or series of facts, nothing more. But we transcend experience in the very act of proceeding to form a concept of it, or to determine the conditions of it. In undertaking to explain it we transcend it. There can be no science of physics that is independent of metaphysics. Individual experiences become instructive only by reference to a standard of universal authority, and this can be found only in the existence of a system of interrelated beings with minds functioning alike. This system is known only as it is a manifestation of Intellect, Feeling, and Will. The Being of the Really Existent must include these three, for they are involved in the cognitive life which we ourselves are conscious of possessing.

With Professor Bowne, Professor Ladd is led up by his criticism of the necessary implicates and inferences of the simplest act of knowledge to ultimate Reality as the monistic ground of all the dualism that is actualized in the world. This Reality, in order to be known as ultimate and all-including Unity, "must be conceived of as having all the characteristics of our highest ideal of a Self." This outcome of a critical study of the theory of knowledge vindicates our author's claim for such study, that it "is essentially an effort to make the total of our human life more dignified and better worth the living, . . . to heighten our rational estimate of the calling and the destiny of man."

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending October 1. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

RELIGION

Professor Josiah Royce's finely philosophical *Conception of God* (The Macmillan Company, New York) and Dr. Washington Gladden's practical and suggestive *Christian Way* (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York) are reserved for later notice.

The volume of Bishop Westcott's sermons just published, entitled *Christian Aspects of Life* (The Macmillan Company, New York), gains additional impressiveness from its dedication to the memory of Archbishop Benson, Bishop Lightfoot, and Professor Hort, "whose friendship has been inspiration and strength throughout my life." It seems as if a benison from these three great doctors of the Church hangs about us as we read page after page of these sermons. Belonging to the Church as they do in every way, they belong to the whole world of society none the less. They are discourses which will reach loyal hearts in the Anglican and every other communion; but they will also reach out to the earnest hearts of all who are living that the world may become better through their living, whether such workers have religion or not as a motive. The con-

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ditions under which the Bishop of Durham labors must be those affecting every sincere man. There is a contrast between modern society and the Apostolic Church, and the frank estimate of this contrast is indeed fertile in lessons both of warning and of hope, as set forth in the admirable sermons which make up the present volume.

The Rev. David James Burrell has published a book of sermons which he entitles *The Golden Passional.* (W. B. Ketcham, New York.) Like those in the author's previous volumes, these discourses are alive with personality. The preacher's style is both ingenious and vigorous, and his words ought to have a direct appeal to the hearts and minds of his hearers and readers.

The Christ of God; the Rationale of the Deity of Jesus Christ, is the title of a small book of sermons by the Rev. Charles H. Mann. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.) They are not too many in number, and for that reason have an added force. They are characterized by genuine spirituality and power.

Seven Years in Sierra Leone, by the Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D., is a deeply sympathetic account of the remarkable work done by William A. B. Johnson, a teacher stationed at Regents Town, Sierra Leone, from 1816 to 1823. Though not ordained to be a minister, he was, as the author says, "foreordained" to be, and the record of his success in relieving the bodies and restoring the souls of the degraded freed slaves about him is full of encouragement and inspiration to all Christian workers. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Another volume in that admirable series "Foreign Statesmen" is *Philip II. of Spain*, by Mr. Martin A. S. Hume. (The Macmillan Company, New York.) American readers of Mr. Hume's book will inevitably compare it with Prescott's "Philip the Second." It is hardly fair, however, to compare one work with the other. They represent different periods of workmanship, different opportunities of accessibility to state archives and other original sources, and different personalities in the historians themselves. If Mr. Hume's small volume has not interested us so much as did Prescott's large volumes, it is chiefly due to the last of these differences. Much as the scientist and the historian crave accuracy, the general reader loves above all things a story-teller who knows how to tell his story interestingly. While we admire Mr. Hume's evident exactness, we cannot give him the affection which Prescott long ago evoked.

Lieutenant H. H. Sargent, whose "Bonaparte's First Campaign" was recently reviewed in these columns, has now followed that book by another, namely, *The Campaign of Marengo.* Readers, young and old, may obtain from volumes of the size of these a more accurate idea of the Napoleonic wars than in attacking a larger book or set of books dealing with the entire subject. Napoleon's military energy was divided into various campaigns, and is thus followed with striking appropriateness by the dividing of the description into separate volumes. When this is done, we do not feel so much oppressed by any excess in description, and the idea is probably a welcome one to the historian as well, since it relieves him from the ever-present necessity of condensation. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

Mr. Samuel Adams Drake has published, through Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, *The Border Wars of New England, commonly called King William's and Queen Anne's Wars.* In this volume we are more than ever convinced, as is evidently our author, that, while there is much to admire in the Indian, there is more to arouse our pity. He was the innocent victim of a cruel destiny, and the white man was the willing instrument of his extinction. Still, the Indian's ferocious cruelty disenchants us also. Self-preservation had to become the one law to the English borderers. The events of the wars are clearly described in this book.

The Romance of Discovery, by Dr. William Eliot Griffis, is a spirited account of the explorations of the New World, from the Norse voyages into the Western Ocean a thousand years ago, to the pathfindings through the Far West in the present century. It is dedicated to the boys and girls of the country, and is fitted to do a wide-reaching work in popularizing American history among them. (W. O. Wilde & Co., Boston.)

So much has been said about the Brontës, and, on the whole, to reverse Dr. Hale's famous sentence, so badly said, that the new book on *The Brontës: Fact and Fiction*, which Mr. Angus M. MacKay has just published, will be read with sincere pleasure. Mr. MacKay devotes himself largely to a critical analysis of Dr. Wright's remarkable work on "The Brontës in Ireland;" a work which has already been searchingly examined, with seri-

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ous loss to its authority, by Mr. Shorter. Mr. MacKay's book is not only very entertaining reading, but it will afford sincere pleasure to those who admire the genius of the Brontë sisters, and who care for the good name of the Brontë family. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

GEOGRAPHY AND SOCIETY

The Isle that is Called Patmos, by William Edgar Geil (A. J. Rowland, Philadelphia), is an interesting book. It seems strange that such a work has not been compiled before. The present volume has a wider range than St. John's visit to Patmos. It deals with that, of course, and at length, but it also gives us a great deal of interesting information as to the history of the island in all ages, and as to its present conditions, topographical and social.

Dr. R. B. Peery, of the Lutheran Mission, Saga, Japan, has published, through the F. H. Revell Company, New York, a book of much value entitled *The Gist of Japan: The Islands, Their People and Missions*. While we have had lately many books of great worth which have taught us much concerning Japanese history, geography, politics, and society, we have had no book which so well fulfills the special province of this one in giving an adequate treatment of mission work in Japan.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow has published in one volume the deeply interesting papers which have recently appeared in "Harper's Magazine." The events of the past year have doubled the attention heretofore paid to South Africa, and Mr. Bigelow's volume, *White Man's Africa*, will undoubtedly receive proportionate attention. We reserve further notice of it to a later issue. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

PSYCHOLOGY

Studies in Psychical Research, by Mr. Frank Podmore—one of the officers, if we remember rightly, of the English "Society of Psychical Research"—is a truth-loving inquiry into the phenomena connected with spiritualism, hypnotism, clairvoyance, premonitions, and the like. The style is lucid, and the subject-matter, for the most part, full of interest. Though presenting the results of the investigations of the Society of Psychical Research, the volume is not an official document, but is the untrammeled work of Mr. Podmore. In his introduction the author states that to some of his colleagues the evidence collected "seems to indicate that thought can influence thought untrammeled by the machinery of sense-organs or ethereal undulations; that the human soul can, while attached to the body, transcend the limits of space and time, and the laws of the physical world; and can, after the death of the body, prevail to make its presence known here." To Mr. Podmore, however, the evidence appears "too slender and too ambiguous to bear the weight of such tremendous issues." The catholic spirit in which Mr. Podmore gathers his evidence, together with the discriminating care with which he sifts it, gives exceptional weight to his conclusions. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

POLITICS

The Book of Parliament, by Mr. Michael Macdonough, is simply an admirable picture of the working machinery of the English Government. To say that it is a picture of machinery, however, does injustice to the book, which is as full of life and color as an inexhaustible fund of entertaining and illuminating political anecdote could make it. We wish that some American journalist with an equipment like Mr. Macdonough's would present the workings of the Government at Washington in like fashion. (Isbister & Co., London.)

TRANSPORTATION

The American Railway is a welcome republication of the articles on the construction and development of our railway system, and the management of various branches of the service, which appeared in "Scribner's Magazine" several years ago. Nearly all the articles are by the best-known authorities in their respective departments, and the whole book is illustrated profusely. Few changes have been made in the original text, and the statistics have not been brought up to date. This lack, however, is not serious, though some statements would doubtless be qualified by their authors in view of later developments. Among the papers of great interest to the general reader are those by ex-Postmaster-General James, on "The Railway Mail Service;" by Professor Hadley, on "The Railway in its Business Relations;" and by ex-President Charles Francis Adams, on "The Prevention of Railway Strikes." Professor Hadley's severe criticism of the Granger legislation was, of course, written before President Stickney's effective defense of the

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conservatism of those measures. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

HISTORY OF LITERATURE

Professor Moses Coit Tyler has promptly followed the publication of the first volume of his *Literary History of the American Revolution* by the publication of the second, thus fully covering the literary development of the country of the two decades following 1763; the first volume being devoted to the first, and the second to the second, of these decades. The chief aim of the first volume was to trace the development of political discontent in the colonies from the year 1763 until the outbreak of the Revolution, while the chief aim of the second volume, as Professor Tyler tells us, is to trace the development of the Revolutionary struggle under the altered conditions produced by this change in its object and character until the formal recognition of American independence by the British Government. The field divides itself naturally along the line marked out by Professor Tyler, and the most casual glance at this volume, with its almost sixty pages of bibliography, gives the impression that the work which Professor Tyler set out to do when he issued the first volume (which told the story of American literature during the colonial time) has so far been done with adequate scholarship. These two volumes will deserve more extended notice at an early date. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Mr. Oscar Fay Adams has expanded his "Handbook of American Authors" into *A Dictionary of American Authors*, which fills a compact volume of four hundred and fifty pages, and contains an astonishingly long list of names. As a rule, Mr. Adams contents himself with a brief report of the date of the author's birth and of the titles of his books. In some instances, however, he goes into the field of criticism and characterization, and shows both conviction and courage. Some of his characterizations are models of condensed expression of opinion. Of course the great majority of those whose names appear in this volume are in no sense men of letters, and their works are in no sense literature. To prepare a dictionary of writers who have made permanent contributions to our literature was not Mr. Adams's object. He aimed to prepare, and he has successfully prepared, a dictionary of authors; a work which should include about everything of American origin which has appeared in book form, and every one of American birth or adoption who has written books. The value and convenience of such a volume are apparent at a glance. It is not too much to say that Mr. Adams has filled what the newspapers would call a long-felt need. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

POETRY

The Macmillan Company have lately completed the publication, in nineteen parts, of a very handsome edition of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," with illustrations by Walter Crane. We hope it may be interpreted as indicating that a great many people are still reading Spenser that these publishers have promptly issued another and equally handsome edition of the *Faerie Queene* in two stout octavo volumes, bound in buff, with gilt decorations, printed from large, clear type giving a distinct impression of elegance. An introduction is furnished by Mr. Hales, and a profusion of illustrations by Mr. L. Fairfax Muckley. If there is any poem in the English language which ought to have all the resources which art and typography can give to it, it is the "Faerie Queene," the masterpiece of purely imaginative work. These two noble volumes will meet the demands of the most fastidious and exacting taste. There may be some question about the entire appropriateness of some of the illustrations, but, as a whole, the artist has succeeded well in bringing out the sentiment of the poem.

ESSAYS

Even the most casual glance through Mr. William Hamilton Gibson's *My Studio Neighbors* recalls the sense of loss which was keenly felt by so many friends and readers of the artist-naturalist when the announcement of his untimely death was made. This volume contains, if we are not mistaken, a good deal of the material, both in text and illustration, which Mr. Gibson used in those fascinating lectures which had taken him into a new field during the last years of his life. The mechanism of the flowers was never more charmingly explained or illustrated than in this volume, which is beautifully printed and plentifully supplied with illustrations. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Mr. Lafcadio Hearn is an impressionist who had the great good fortune to enter at the right moment a congenial field and find in the comparatively untraveled country of Japan the life, tradition, and faith which were most akin to him; for Japan, from the side from which Mr. Hearn approaches it, has

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been until recently practically untraveled. No one has gone so far or seen so much in this particular field as Mr. Hearn. He is in no sense a discriminating reporter of Japanese life as it is, but he has an exceedingly keen insight of a purely sympathetic kind into the ideals and motives of that life. He understands the Oriental temperament better than most Occidentals of his time, and nothing is more difficult to understand than the Oriental temperament. It is not only exceedingly subtle and evasive, but it is also exceedingly secretive. Of the thousands of people who are now entertaining themselves with Orientalism and talking about it, it is not too much to say that not one in a thousand has any intelligent perception of the Oriental mind or any real insight into Oriental philosophy. This kind of knowledge does not come save to those who are temperamentally fitted for it. The West has a great deal to learn from the East, but it can learn only from those who really know, not from the multitude who are disseminating second-hand and erroneous impressions with fluent and inaccurate speech. Mr. Hearn practically accepts everything Oriental without qualification. He is not, therefore, to be accepted as an impartial judge, but he is to be accepted by those who are eager to see Oriental life from the inside, and to see the best of it. In this book, *Gleanings in Buddha-Fields*, his chapter on "Faces in Japanese Art" is, for instance, not only novel but rational when one understands the point of view; and his chapter on "Nirvana" will be read with the greatest interest by those who have striven in vain to get a clear impression of an idea which is not only illusive but which is stated in a great many different ways. This volume has all the charm, sometimes overripe, of Mr. Hearn's style. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

A beautiful book, in paper, print, and binding, is *The English Stage*, by M. Augustin Filon, the author of "Profils Anglais," "Amours Anglais," "Mérimée et ses Amis," etc. The translation is by Mr. Frederic Whyte, and is fairly well done. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones contributes an introduction, and we are sure that he has rarely had a more welcome task than that of commending M. Filon's essays to the English-reading public. The essays include a great many criticisms and appreciations. Those which have to do with Kean, Macready, Tom Taylor, Boucicault, Dickens, Robertson, Sothern, the Bancrofts, Mr. Gilbert, Sir Henry Irving, Messrs. Grundy, Jones, and Pinero, will probably most interest the general reader. There is, however, a chapter on Ibsen which is well deserving of close attention. The book is indeed worth buying, and would be did the buyer read nothing but M. Filon's fine criticisms of the dramas taken from the works of Bulwer and Tennyson. M. Filon puts some questions which ought to be considered by all playwrights. In the conflicts between laws and manner, upon which side will the drama definitely take up its stand? What part will it play in the renovation of England by the democracy? Will it help with earnest homilies, or will it check with satire and ridicule? M. Filon believes that the secret of the drama's downfall or glory lies in the answering of these questions.

NOVELS AND TALES

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new story, *Captains Courageous*, has already been read by a great many people as it has appeared from month to month in the pages of "McClure's Magazine," but it now goes to that wider constituency eager for every word which comes from the pen of this vital and original writer; for Mr. Kipling, although somewhat uneven in his work, is a definitely original force in contemporary writing, and this quality has never been more conspicuous than in "Captains Courageous." Mr. Kipling knows and loves the sea, and no modern English writer has so adequately and impressively expressed the sentiment of sea life. The story of the Gloucester fishermen has action, dramatic interest, episodes, and adventures, but its deepest charm flows from the genius with which the presence of the sea is everywhere intimated to the imagination. Mr. Kipling is one of that company, recruited mainly in these days from men of Celtic blood, to whom the sea calls with an insistence which is not to be resisted. In his case, fortunately, he is able to share with us both the mystery and the insight which his knowledge and love of the sea bring to him. (The Century Company, New York.)

In an entirely different vein, and yet with something of the same note of the imagination running through it, is the volume of short stories with the title of *The Secret Rose*, in which Mr. W. B. Yeats makes a new contribution to what may be called Celtic literature. Mr. Yeats is distinctly the foremost figure in the group of young writers who have both wisely and unwisely exploited the Celtic spirit

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in recent days. He has written some charming verse, full of the sentiment and pathos of the Celtic tradition and temperament. In this volume he discloses the mysticism of that temperament and the tragic quality of the Celtic traditions in very graceful and imaginative prose. The old Irish dreams and stories live again in these pages, through the interpretation of a man whose note of genius is distinct even if it be not very dominant. This is a book to take one out of the every-day world, and a wholesome book, therefore, for most Americans to read. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Mr. W. Clark Russell has written so long and so constantly of the sea that his line of plots and adventures and his style are familiar to a public which does not, however, seem to grow weary of his exciting and often interesting tales. His latest contribution, *The Two Captains* (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), has enough movement in it to satisfy the most old-fashioned novel-reader.

A new translation of one of the greatest of the semi-legendary mythologic tales of northern Europe, *The Fall of the Nibelungs*, has been made by Margaret Armour, who has endeavored to render the original into what she calls plain prose. The volume is very handsomely made, with large, clear, attractive pages, and a series of interesting illustrations by Mr. W. B. Macdougall. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

In *Salted with Fire* Mr. George Macdonald tells one of the oldest and saddest of human stories. In this story, as in everything that he has written, Mr. Macdonald drops his plummet into the depths of religious experience. It is the tragedy of the fall of a man and woman and their redemption, which is described with a great deal of Mr. Macdonald's old-time insight and power. The book is full of those deep glimpses into religious truth as applied to human life which Mr. Macdonald has been giving his readers for more than a quarter of a century. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

And She Got All That is the awkward title of a story by Clara Reese, recounting the emotions and experiences of a young wife who, through ambition to see the world, leaves her home of poverty, her husband, and her boy to become a trained nurse. She finds the venture unsatisfactory, and comes sailing home again on a flood of penitential tears. The story is improbable, but possesses the merits of being written in good English and of portraying sentiment that is on the side of good morals. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

Of the sentiment dominating *American Nobility*, a good-sized novel of life within certain circles of American and French society, we cannot speak in the same terms, for, although it is probably not overdrawn, it is certainly not moral. We are constrained to say this because the author, M. Pierre de Coulevain, who is apparently familiar with "high life" in New York as well as in Paris, prints the following gratuitous and, we cannot help adding, somewhat pharisaical notice in a prominent place opposite the title-page: "For a novelist there are two ways of being moral: either to avoid the mention of evil, or to bring it into play in order to show its baleful consequences. The author of 'American Nobility' has chosen the latter." We fancy that it was for the special benefit of his American readers that this diaphanous veil was thrown by the author over his realistic account of a particularly despicable instance of conjugal dishonor; for we respectable Anglo-Saxons too often make no objection to "spicy" novels, provided we can only be persuaded that the spice is medicinal, and therefore preventive instead of provocative. The author's Barnumesque invitation to step into his highly moral show will hardly hoodwink the experienced and perspicacious reader of French fiction. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

We do not think that Mr. Paul Leicester Ford is at his best in *The Story of an Untold Love*. The plot, while purporting to be modern and realistic, is exaggerated and improbable; in both sentiment and incident the story is at times melodramatic; and Mr. Ford's acknowledged skill does not save the form of literary construction which he has chosen—that of a journal or diary written by his hero—from finally growing mechanical and forced. In a word, the story does not seem to us to deserve the stamp of literary approval which its serial appearance in the "Atlantic Monthly" gave it. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Lovers of animals who, like the present reviewer, take up *A Dog of Constantinople* with the hope of finding a genuine dog story will be disappointed. It is a commonplace love story, with a fantastic fairy tale of a Constantinople street cur loosely attached to the main thread of the narrative. The book is handsomely printed, and is profusely illus-

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trated by the author, Izora C. Chandler. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Miss Florence Converse has published, through Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston), a clever story entitled *Diana Victrix*. The plot is well constructed, and the characters stand out sharply and distinctly. Miss Converse's style is smooth, simple, and natural, and one turns over page after page of her book with restful pleasure and interest. The scene of her story is laid in New Orleans, and there is just enough of local color, just enough French lightness and charm, to give an enviable distinction to the book. True, there are passages and chapters in which grayness seems the pervading hue, and both description and conversation lose something of vivacity; but in general it may be said that "Diana Victrix" is a novel of fine quality and distinct promise.

Uncle 'Lisha's Outing, by Mr. Rowland E. Robinson, continues pleasantly the adventures of Uncle 'Lisha, the shrewd and kindly old-time Vermont shoemaker, of Sam Lovel the hunter, of Antoine the French Canadian, and of other friends whom many readers have learned to like in Mr. Robinson's other books, "Uncle 'Lisha's Shop" and "Sam Lovel's Camps." The dialect (especially Antoine's) is sometimes a trifle hard to follow, until one becomes used to its phonetic expression, but the difficulty is worth overcoming. The author has a keen love of outdoor life, an intimate knowledge of New England ways a generation ago, and a happy knack at character-drawing. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

The Big-Horn Treasure, by Mr. John F. Cargill, is a readable story of gold-hunting adventures among the mountains of Colorado. A large amount of information regarding gold-mining is incidentally conveyed without marring the interest of the narrative. The numerous illustrations are also excellent. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

Dr. Marx, Socialist, by Marion C. Smith, is an interesting story picturing the experiences of a young woman of the privileged class, who is swept out of her old moorings, first by the unselfish enthusiasm and then by the devoted love of a Socialist agitator. The character of the Jewish Socialist is too much idealized—or rather too much Christianized—by the author's sympathies to make the picture entirely lifelike, but it is none the less a spirited and generally accurate portrayal of the hopes and fears of many advanced social reformers. (The Editor Publishing Company, Cincinnati.)

The Federal Judge, by Charles K. Lush, is a good political story, and a story that will do political good. The hero, Judge Dunn, is an upright man, with generous sympathies, who was rightly regarded as an anti-monopolist so long as he lived in a small town and mingled with people in the middle ranks of society. Elevated to a Federal Court, transferred to a large city, surrounded by people of wealth, he gradually becomes a corporation judge of the type he formerly condemned. Yet the railroad manipulator through whose friendship his promotion is secured and his transformation in character takes place has never made any advance which suggested corruption. He has never presented Judge Dunn anything but "butterflies." He has simply made Judge Dunn his man, by social attentions and by giving him a social environment in which the conflicts of interests between the corporations and the public were looked at from the standpoint of "vested rights." With most of us, where our sympathies are there our views are also; and the author of this book, in showing how public officials are unconsciously led to betray public interests, has done far greater service to the anti-monopoly cause, and written a far better novel, than if he had assumed that the railroad manipulator bought public officials like so much rolling stock for his system. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

"Charles Egbert Craddock's" *The Young Mountaineers* contains a collection of ten short stories for young readers from the hand of one of the most popular novelists of the day. It is not too much to say of Miss Murfree that, though she has written many books, and they have, for the most part, described a comparatively limited section of the country, she has not yet exhausted her material or the interest of her readers. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Messrs. Harper & Brothers (New York) have republished in handsome book form *Three Operettas* by the late H. C. Bunner, for many years editor of "Puck." The music is by Mr. Oscar Weil. Both the libretti and the music of these operettas show that they come from trained hands, but the humor seems a little too Gilbertian and the music a little too difficult perfectly to meet the wants of the younger children for whom the operettas are

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evidently intended. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

MISCELLANEOUS

Under the attractive title *Nature's Diary* Mr. Francis H. Allen has compiled a selection for every day in the year from the naturalists, his endeavor being to set opposite each day a report or comment from an authoritative source which should remind the reader of what is going on in the natural world, or should interpret to him the aspect of nature which lies before him if he opens his eyes. He has endeavored to secure in his selections scientific accuracy and poetic value. Each day in the year, therefore, appears on two pages which face each other. The right-hand page under each date gives a calendar of the arrival of birds and the first blooming of flowers, with miscellaneous notes; the left-hand page contains quotations from such writers as Thoreau, Torrey, Burroughs, Robinson, Emerson, Bolles, Lowell, and other well-known observers of nature. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

The latest contribution to the literature of puzzles, which has been so successfully enlarged of late years by three or four very clever books, is *The Green Guest-Book*, by Miss Susan Hayes Ward and Miss Mary L. McL. Watson, who are quite equal to the task of mystifying their readers. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

A dainty little book is *Bon-Mots of the Eighteenth Century*, edited by Mr. Walter Jerrold, which bears the English imprint of J. M. Dent & Co., and is sent out in this country by the Macmillan Company. The little volume contains many of the best-known puns and stories of the last century, and is illustrated in a grotesque style by Alice B. Woodward.

Books Received

For week ending October 1

CARLON & HOLLENBECK, INDIANAPOLIS

Gilman, S. C. The Conquest of the Sioux.

HENRY T. COATES & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Ellis, Edward S. In the Days of the Pioneers.

DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK

Hocking, Joseph. The Birthright. $1.25.
Macdonald, George. Salted with Fire. $1.50.
Russell, W. Clark. The Two Captains. $1.50.
Ward, Susan Hayes, and Mary L. McL. Watson. The Green Guest-Book. $1.
MacKay, Angus M. The Brontës: Fact and Fiction. $1.50.
Chandler, Izora C. A Dog of Constantinople. $1.50.
Yeats, W. B. The Secret Rose. $2.
MacDonagh, Michael. The Book of Parliament. $2.
Farrow, G. E. The Missing Prince. $1.50.
Filon, Augustin. The English Stage. Translated by Frederic Whyte. $2.50.
Pyke, Rafford. The Adventures of Mabel. $1.75.
Finley, Martha. Elsie Dinsmore. $1.50.
Gladden, Washington. The Christian Way. 75 cts.

THE EDITOR PUBLISHING CO., CINCINNATI

Smith, Marian C. Dr. Marks, Socialist.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Second Book of Cæsar's Gallic War. Edited by W. C. Collar.
Tompkins, Arnold. The Science of Discourse.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Bigelow, Poultney. White Man's Africa. $2.50.
Gibson, William Hamilton. My Studio Neighbors. $2.50.
Bunner, Henry C. Three Operettas. Music by Oscar Weil. Illustrated by C. D. Weldon and C. J. Taylor. $2.50.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON

Pearson, Henry G. Freshman Composition. 50 cts.
Tennyson, Alfred. Enoch Arden and the Two Locksley Halls. Edited by C. S. Brown. 35 cts.
De Quincey's Flight of a Tartar Tribe. Notes by G. A. Wauchope. 30 cts.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK

Wenley, R. M. Outline of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." 75 cts.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON

Robinson, Rowland E. Uncle 'Lisha's Outing. $1.25.
Hearn, Lafcadio. Gleanings in Buddha-Fields. $1.25.
Craddock, Charles Egbert. The Young Mountaineers. $1.50.
Lush, Charles K. The Federal Judge. $1.25.
Adams, Oscar Fay. A Dictionary of American Authors. $3.
Ford, Paul Leicester. The Story of an Untold Love. $1.25.
Allen, Francis H. Nature's Diary. $1.25.
Converse, Florence. Diana Victrix. $1.25.

WILBUR B. KETCHAM, NEW YORK

Burrell, David J., D.D. The Golden Passional and Other Sermons. $1.50.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Spenser, Edmund. Faerie Queene. Pictured and Decorated by Louis Fairfax Muckley. 2 Vols. $15.
Royce, Josiah, Joseph Le Conte, G. H. Howison, and S. E. Mezes. The Conception of God. $1.75.
Balzac, Honoré de. Cousin Betty. (La Cousine Bette.) Translated by James Waring. $1.50.
Kroeh, Charles F. A Three-Year Preparatory Course in French. 65 cts.
Bon-Mots of the Eighteenth Century. Edited by Walter Jerrold. With Grotesques by Alice B. Woodward. 75 cts.
Sheridan, Richard Brinsley. The Rivals. Edited by G. A. Aitken. (Temple Dramatists.) 45 cts.
The Fall of the Nibelungs. Done into English by Margaret Armour. Illustrated by W. B. Macdougall. $2.50.
Westcott. Brooke F., D.D. Christian Aspects of Life. $2.
Hume, Martin A. S. Philip II. of Spain. 75 cts.

A. C. M'CLURG & CO., CHICAGO

Sargent, Herbert H. The Campaign of Marengo. $1.50.
Cargill, John F. The Big-Horn Treasure. $1.25.

MAYNARD, MERRILL & CO., NEW YORK

Selections from L'Hommond's Viri Romæ and Cornelius Nepos. Edited by J. T. Buchanan and R. A. Minckwitz. 60 cts.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Shelley, Henry C. The Ayrshire Homes and Haunts of Burns. $1.25.
Mann, Charles H. The Christ of God. $1.
Podmore, Frank. Studies in Psychical Research. $2.
Tyler, Moses Coit. The Literary History of the American Revolution, 1763–1783. Vol. II. $3.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Reese, Clara. "And She Got All That!" 75 cts.
Pierson, Arthur T., D.D. Seven Years in Sierra Leone. Story of the Work of William A. B. Johnson. $1.
Peery, R. B. The Gist of Japan. $1.25.

A. J. ROWLAND, PHILADELPHIA

Geil, William E. The Isle that is Called Patmos. $1.50.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Coulevain, Pierre de. American Nobility. $1.50.
Drake, Samuel Adams. The Border Wars of New England. $1.50.
Henderson, W. J. The Last Cruise of the Mohawk. $1.25.
Clarke, T. C., John Bogart, Horace Porter, and Others. The American Railway: Its Construction, Development, Management, and Appliances. Introduction by T. M. Cooley. Illustrated. $3.

JOHN M'GILL WHITE & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Anderson, Matthew. Presbyterianism: Its Relation to the Negro. $1.25.

W. A. WILDE & CO., BOSTON

Griffis, William Elliot. The Romance of Discovery. $1.50.

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The Religious World

A Genuine Christian Union Service

Dr. Donald D. MacLaurin, of the First Baptist Church in Detroit, sends us the following account of an interesting service held in Kent Theater of the University of Chicago, on Sunday, October 3: It was the regular Convocation Vesper service of the University, held under the auspices of the Christian Union of the University. Various churches furnish choirs on stated occasions. It happened that for this day the choir of the St. Bartholomew Church of Englewood, Chicago, was due. This is one of the highest of high churches. The programme itself was most artistically prepared. There were four participants in the service—the President of the University, Dr. W. R. Harper, a Baptist; Dr. J. M. Coulter, head Professor of the Botanical Department, a Presbyterian; the Convocation chaplain, Donald D. MacLaurin, D.D., of Detroit, Mich.; and the Convocation preacher, the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D., of New Jersey. These four entered the theater from the rear, and took their place in the center of the platform. Then the vested choir of eighty boys and men entered from the front, singing the processional hymn, all the congregation rising on their entrance. The procession was led by a boy robed in red, who bore the processional cross. The clergy of the church, four in number, followed the choir. The opening sentences were intoned by one of the clergy. The whole service was led by different members of the clergy, and all except the short Scripture reading was intoned. The Convocation preacher's theme was "Puritanism and Modern Life." The sermon was strong, clear, uncompromising, impressive. It was an appeal in favor of a revival of essential Puritanism. Among the striking things the preacher said may be noted the following sentences: "Others may sneer at Puritanism, but for an American to do so is like a son desecrating the home in which he was born, and the memory of his parents." "Puritanism made this Nation a republic." "Oliver Cromwell was the kingliest soul that ever ruled Great Britain." "The principles which have given us our right to be called a Christian nation were derived from the Puritans; most of our colleges were founded by Puritans; our school system came from the Puritans; our ideals are all Puritan." It is quite impossible to convey in cold type any idea of the contrasts of this unique service. The members of the University feel that it will become one of the traditions of the institution. It certainly illustrated the catholic nature of the University.

Chicago University

The October Convocation of the Chicago University was held during the week beginning Friday, October 1. While it is in a certain sense a Baptist institution, in a larger and more catholic sense it is a Christian institution, and its influence cannot fail to be a blessing to the city and to the whole country. The University is fortunate in having as its President Dr. William R. Harper, who is one of the most eminent Biblical scholars, not only of the United States, but of the world. The most prominent features of the Convocation were the oration on Friday, October 1, the sermon on Sunday, October 3, and the missionary meeting on October 4. The oration and sermon were delivered by Dr. A. H. Bradford. For all the Convocation services a special chaplain is appointed. This year the honor fell to Dr. MacLaurin, of the First Baptist Church of Detroit. The missionary convocation, which was held on the morning of October 4, was of very great interest. All the Ministers' Meetings of Chicago were invited to be present as guests of the University, and the large room in which the meeting was convened was thronged with representatives of the various denominations. One of the speakers of the occasion was the Rev. John H. Barrows, D.D., who gave a thrilling chapter from his experiences in India, and most eloquently bore testimony to the value of missions and the character of missionaries. The Rev. Henry L. Morehouse, of New York, represented the Baptist denomination, and his address on "Home Missions and the Need of Education as well as of Conversion" was one of the most practical and inspiring to which we have listened. The address of Dr. Bradford was on the "Crisis in Foreign Missions," and the way in which it should be met. The venerable Dr. Anderson, we believe the senior professor of the University, presided on this occasion. The meeting was significant in many ways. It showed the breadth

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of the University; how it is aiming to impress itself on the life of the city and the country; and how it is seeking to be a meeting-place for all who believe in the kingdom of God and His right to rule in this world. Vesper services are held every Sunday at the University, to which all students and professors, as well as outsiders, are invited; and the week-day religious services are so arranged that every department has its own service, at which all the students are expected to be present once each week. It is evident to any one visiting Chicago that this already great institution has secured a large place in the life of the city, and that its influence is not only positive but predominantly Christian.

The Doshisha University

In the report of the Unitarian Conference at Saratoga in our issue of October 2 the statement was made in these columns that the Doshisha University in Japan had passed into Unitarian hands. That requires large modification. Some of the leaders among the native Christians in Japan are supposed to be moving toward Unitarianism, but it is not accurate to say that those referred to at Saratoga have espoused that cause. The late President of the Doshisha, who resigned but a few months ago, is one of the most evangelical of preachers. Perhaps the most conservative of all the Kumi-ai preachers is one of the most influential members of the Board of Trustees. The policy of the new President, Mr. Yokoi, has been to compromise with the American Board; and we are informed that recently an offer was made to transfer the girls' school and the theological department of the University entirely to the hands of the missionaries. Mr. Yokoi's own theological position has been a matter of some doubt, and we are not informed as to what his attitude has been since he returned to Japan. There have been, and possibly are, some professors in the University whose views are not only not evangelical, but would not be accepted even by Unitarians. What the future of the Doshisha may be we do not know. This much, however, we do know, that the statement that it has avowedly or actually ceased to be evangelical is incorrect. Its claim has been positive and constant that it represents the same religious sentiment that it did when it was founded. Among its professors and supporters are still some of the most earnest and evangelical Christians in Japan. Its course has not been altogether satisfactory to the American Board, but there is, according to our latest advices, reason to hope for better things in the future.

A Successor for Dr. C. C. Hall

The First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn voted on Wednesday evening, October 6, by a unanimous vote, to call the Rev. L. Mason Clarke, now pastor of the Park Central Church of Syracuse, N. Y., to succeed the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D. A large committee to find a successor for Dr. Hall has been at work since April last. They unanimously recommended Mr. Clarke. Mr. Clarke is thirty-eight years of age, and was born in Canandaigua, N. Y. He was a graduate of Amherst College and of Auburn Theological Seminary. He has held pastorates at Wolcott, N. Y., and in Syracuse. It is confidently expected that he will accept the call thus heartily extended to him.

Interesting Anniversaries

On Sunday, October 3, the Rev. George H. Houghton, D.D., rector of the church familiarly known as "The Little Church Around the Corner," celebrated the forty-ninth anniversary of the parish and of his rectorship of it. Three services were held, and Dr. Houghton was present at all of them, although he conducted but one. In his sermon Dr. Houghton gave a history of the church. That history, however, could not be written in detail. The sympathy of the rector for many who have been ostracized by others has probably had results which have been far-reaching in individual lives but have attracted little attention from the public. Quietly, earnestly, and in the most catholic spirit, he has done his work for these many years. It is often said that long pastorates are uncommon in these days; when, however, they are counted, the number is not so small as many imagine. In all our larger churches the rule is not a short but rather a long pastorate. Another anniversary of much interest was celebrated on Sunday, September 26, in the Memorial Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, when its pastor, the Rev. T. A. Nelson, D.D., was surprised by a celebration which had been prepared by his people. The church is in the vicinity of the Park, and one of the most prosperous in the City of Churches. A historical sketch of the parish was read by James Cruikshank, LL.D., the senior Elder, and addresses followed by Professor Brown, D.D., of Union Theological Seminary, and

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the Rev. Alfred Bowman, D.D. Twenty years ago the Memorial Church was one of the weakest in the city; now it has a beautiful building, a membership of about eight hundred, and about a thousand in its various Sunday-schools.

The Ministry of Women in the Episcopal Church

Last week in Grace Church, New York City, two women were set apart for the office of deaconess under circumstances of exceptional interest. They were graduates of the New York Training-School for Deaconesses, which was established some five years ago in connection with the religious work of Grace Parish. It was through the influence of the Rev. Dr. William R. Huntington, the rector of Grace Church, that a canon was passed in the General Convention recognizing the ancient order of the deaconess, and making its revival as an authorized part of the ministry of the Episcopal Church possible. Dr. Huntington, with the consent of Bishop Potter, at once established a school where women of approved moral character, who have besides shown that they have proper mental and spiritual powers, are further prepared for their work by a two years' training in just such studies as would fit a young deacon for his profession. Theology, Liturgics, Church History, Pedagogics, New and Old Testament Exegesis, and the study of the Greek Testament fit the students for teachers and for leaders. In addition to this course of study, covering a period of two school years, the candidates for the office of deaconess are required to study bookkeeping, cooking, housekeeping, and to complete a six months' course of practical experimental work in hospital, settlement, or benevolent institution of some kind. Eight of the number, however, are employed in Grace Parish. For the first time, on Sunday last, these young women occupied the diaconal seats above the choir in Grace Church, while the deacons were placed in the clergy seats within the rails. As the two candidates came forward to receive from the Bishop the authoritative laying on of hands which set them apart for their ministry, they were presented by Dr. Huntington, who had previously conferred upon them the diplomas and medals of the school. The Bishop then, after three simple questions as to their "purpose to serve God in this office and ministry," laid his hands upon them with the following words, "Take thou authority to exercise the office of a deaconess in the Church of God, whereunto thou art now set apart." In an eloquent address, the officiating Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Thomas U. Dudley, D.D., spoke to the candidates of their privileges and obligations, the requirements being exactly the same as were demanded of the male members of the Christian ministry. Dr. Huntington is to be warmly congratulated on having such a body of trained women to assist him in the great work that his parish is doing among the poor of New York. They teach in the choir school, manage the day-nursery, work in Grace Hospital and Grace Mission, and visit the poor in their houses. There is a new womanhood of which the world will be proud. When the turmoil of the moment has passed and the woman and the man stand side by side, working hand in hand for the development of a higher social order, it will be found that the Episcopal Church has been wise in restoring woman to its ministry.

A Notable Anniversary

On October 2 and 3 the Congregational Church of Christ, Newington, Conn., celebrated the one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of its organization, and the centennial of its present building. President Hartranft, of Hartford Theological Seminary, the Rev. C. M. Lamson, of the Hartford First Church, the Rev. G. L. Clark, of Farmington, and the Rev. W. M. Baker, of Wethersfield, brought greetings from the churches officially present at the council of organization in 1722. The memorial service was especially interesting, for the church, whose choice of a pastor was always preceded by a day of fasting and prayer, has been exceptionally fortunate in its pastors. Two consecutive pastorates covered a period of one hundred and six years. Its first minister was the Rev. Elisha Williams, a cousin of John Williams, the minister of Deerfield, who heroically comforted his fellow-captives in the terrible march to Canada. Mr. Williams soon left for the Presidency of Yale College. This Elisha Williams, teacher, farmer, merchant, preacher, Speaker of the Colonial Assembly, colonel at Louisburg, a graduate of Harvard, President of Yale, raising money in England for the "College of New Jersey," is one of the most virile figures of an age that developed men. His successor, the Rev. Simon Backus, was taken from his parish after twenty years by the Governor and

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Council to act as chaplain to the expedition against Louisburg, where he died. He was a brother-in-law of Jonathan Edwards, who sometimes occupied his pulpit. Mr. Backus was followed by the Rev. Joshua Belden, who preached for fifty-six years, and was pastor emeritus for ten years more. His was the innovation of a Sunday catechism-class, many years before Robert Raikes and his Sunday-schools. He was represented in the memorial programme by his great-grandson, Joshua Belden, the present Superintendent of the Sunday-school, the previous pastorates having been described by the Rev. C. H. Williams, of New Haven, and Oswald P. Backus, of New York. Mr. Belden's period, 1747–1803, covered the French and Indian War, the abolition of slavery in Connecticut, and the Revolution. His audience at one time included Indians from John Sargent's mission at Stockbridge, Mass., sent here to Captain Martin Kellogg for safety during the Indian troubles. Under Mr. Belden this church abandoned the Half-way Covenant twenty years before its general disuse. Another long pastorate—that of the Rev. Joab Brace, of fifty years—followed. During his pastorate three hundred young men prepared for the ministry. Mr. Brace's virtues were told by the older parishioners; the Rev. W. P. Aikin's successful work was described by his nephew, E. Stanley Welles; and the Revs. W. J. Thompson and John E. Elliott were recalled by loving friends. A historical sermon by the present pastor, the Rev. H. K. Macy, and addresses from the Revs. S. S. Martyn and J. O. Barrows, former pastors, closed the exercises. The best wish for the church is for a future worthy of its past—"a past marvelous in the light of American history."

A Memorial to Mrs. Browning

On the 7th of September the Dean of Durham unveiled, in Kelloe Church, a tablet to commemorate the birth of Mrs. Browning in Kelloe Parish. The place of her birth has long been a subject of dispute, but an entry in the registers of the church has put the matter beyond doubt. She was born in Coxhoe Hall on March 6, 1806, and baptized in Kelloe Church on February 10, 1808. The services at the unveiling of the tablet were extremely interesting. Dean Kitchin delivered an address on Mrs. Browning, in which he spoke of her as a woman, a mother, and a poet. In the course of his address he said: "Her problems are those of our own day. Her outcries against the world and society are our outcries, for, even more than Lowell, she is a prophetess of a revolt against the injustices of society. We must be patient. One day this old England of ours, 'this uneven, unfostering England here,' as she calls it, will wake and acknowledge her as a poet who never wrote one unworthy line or husbanded one unworthy thought. This tablet and the Memorial Building at Ledbury are our protest on behalf of this noble and delicate lady." The Dean concluded by saying: "No one ever laid a fuller tribute at the feet of the living Christ; no one has dealt harder or more resounding blows against the corruptions of our time; no one has shown a larger or a purer faith in the ultimate triumph of the good."

The "Logia"

Professor Adolf Harnack, of the University of Berlin, has just published an interesting monograph dealing with the Logia, the so-called sayings of Christ, recently discovered by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt. Dr. Harnack calls attention to a possible interpretation of the most commented-on of the Logia, a verse in Ecclesiastes. The verse is the ninth in the tenth chapter: "Whoso removeth stones shall be hurt therewith, and he that cleaveth wood shall be endangered thereby." Professor Harnack thus translates the most important of the Logia: "Wherever they [*i. e.*, my disciples] are, they are not deserted by God; and as one is alone, even so I am with him. Raise the stone and thou shalt find Me; cleave the wood and I am there." These words are believed by Dr. Harnack to refer to ordinary handiwork. He also points out their appropriateness as spoken by a carpenter. Dr. M. R. James, in the "Contemporary," gives two other possible interpretations: (1) That Christ is everywhere and in everything. (2) That he can be found only with difficulty—as by heaving up of the stone and cleaving the wood; analogous to the saying, "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." To us the interpretation suggested by Dr. Bacon in a recent article in The Outlook appears more probable than either of the above—namely, that the true worshiper can always find Christ, wherever the stone may be reared for an altar, and by him who cleaves the wood for the sacrifice.

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Correspondence

Sunday Golf

To the Editors of The Outlook:

As a reader of your excellent paper I want to protest against its publishing articles which, like "The Social Side of Golf," in the number dated September 11, encourage Sunday sports.

In many parts of the West Christians find the Sunday ball-game and horse race among the greatest obstacles to better living and higher thinking among young men which they have to combat.

What makes Sunday golf any more elevating? The fact that women take part in it is all the worse for the women.

E. C. F.

Prescott, Ariz.

[We do not believe that Sunday golf, Sunday baseball, Sunday tennis, or any other sport or pastime played on Sunday is to be commended or advocated. Recreation is a very different thing from sport, and it is not difficult to draw the line between the two. We are glad to take the occasion to remind our readers that the opinions expressed over their own names by contributors to the pages of The Outlook are not always the opinions of the Editors, who may very often disagree with statements to which they may think it best to give a place in these columns.—THE EDITORS.]

Hawaiian Annexation

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Professor William D. Alexander, of Honolulu, has lately written a paper for the proceedings of the Hawaiian Historical Society on the uncompleted Treaty of Annexation of 1854.

It is not generally known that such a treaty was advocated by the pro-slavery party in the United States. Kamehameha III., fearing the encroachments of foreign powers and the expeditions of filibusters, and alarmed by the steady decrease of the native population and the rapid extinction of the order of chiefs, favored the preliminary negotiations. But he died the same year, and his successor took a different view of the situation. The missionaries of that day opposed the plan of annexation on the ground that it would prove disastrous to the Hawaiian race.

Professor Alexander is the recognized authority in all matters relating to the history of the islands. His writings are the result of lifelong studies and an intimate acquaintance both with the old and the new régime. In a private letter to a friend in Boston, reviewing the present critical situation, he says: "Heaven grant that the present treaty be consummated! Otherwise it looks as if the fabric of American civilization, that has been built here at such a cost, will be submerged by the yellow flood from Japan."

E. G. P.

Dorchester, Mass.

The American Voice

To the Editors of The Outlook:

May I add my word to the expressions of satisfaction at the agitation of the subjects of "Children and Good English" and "The American Voice" in your columns? If there is to be reform in these matters, it must begin in the school-room and the household. It seems strange that a nation which professes to make much of a widespread education should neglect that which is before all the most evident sign of educated men and women—the correct use of the language which conveys their thoughts. It is probably true, as one of your correspondents has suggested, that offenses against the structure of the language are quite as common and as heinous in England as in America. It may also be true, as the correspondent in your issue of September 18 says, that these offenses are not found in England among the educated classes. Strictly speaking, the same is true in America. But since the partly educated class—the class of those who receive what we call a "common school" education—is probably far larger in America than in England, the slipshod use of English is much more noticeable here. Our democratic customs force to the front and equip with a superficial education many who in England would not be expected to know anything but the lore of the shop or farm or kitchen, or to speak other than brogue or cockneyism. In our truly educated class, especially in New England, I believe English is spoken with greater accuracy, precision, and even elegance, than elsewhere in the world.

But that in which all Americans alike are palpably faulty is not so much the form and

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arrangement of words as the utterance of them. From the moment a traveler lands in England his ear is greeted with soft, melodious sounds, whether those sounds bear "Queen's English" or cockney slang. "'Arry and 'Arriet" on a Bank Holiday may commit all sorts of offenses against manners and decorum; but "'Arry's" vulgar jokes gain some point by the modulated tones which convey them, and "'Arriet's" witless responses seem veritable melody, when one recalls the piercing tones in which her American cousin would have spoken. Those sweet, low, rich voices of the English maiden—your lodging-house keeper's daughter, perhaps—do they not fascinate you as you listen to her prattle of her simple, contracted life, and wonder why it is that your intellectual friend Miranda, an A.B. of Smith or Radcliffe, must set forth her brilliant thoughts in such harsh and grating tones. We say it is climate. Far more probably is it partly due to the nervousness which pervades us, and tempts us—especially our feminine ones—to shriek when we become interested and emphatic. But, more than this, I believe it is because Americans have not yet learned that to speak is an art. With us speech is like our filthy dollar bills—merely a circulating medium. We get what we want by it, and is not that enough? With the Englishman speech is like his shining gold sovereigns or the crisp Bank of England notes, which are withdrawn when defaced. It is not only currency, but it is to be respected in itself. The better classes in England train their children to respect their voices and utterance, and the lower classes follow their example. American utterance is usually called "twang." It seems to me much better described by some English novelist I have read as "*staccato*." For is it not usually a series of colorless notes on the same monotonous key, save when in moments of earnestness it rises a discordant octave? To be sure, in our own expressive slang, it "gets there." Americans say what they wish to say with the language which is their heritage. They get there over long, monotonous stretches like our own vast prairies, with the Rockies by way of variation; while the Englishman's utterance is as rich and gently varied, through the simplest commonplaces of talk, as the rolling hills and valleys of his fair island.

O for some gigantic reform to change all this! We laugh, rightly enough, at the society fad which strives to graft an "English accent" upon a Philadelphia *patois*. Imitation is not what we want. The English language is ours as much as the Briton's, and he has many mannerisms in his utterance which we may well avoid. But if those of us who are grown men and women could strive to keep our voices soft and low; if, without strain or affectation, we could avoid the tiresome level of one, and that a high, note, and endeavor to make our voice and utterance do their part in expressing the varying phases of our thought, and color our ideas, we should do something. And then, if we would keep constant watch, as faithful parents and guardians, over our children, checking the harsh tones which do not, after all, ring with childish joy; if, by more careful training in our normal schools, we could eliminate from our school-rooms the teacher whose discordant tones set the bad example, and who, with serene satisfaction in her own rectitude, continually bids the quiet and refined children to "speak up loud, now," till she sends them forth a collection of squeaking puppets—if we would do these and similar things, it would be but a generation before the "Yankee twang" had passed as a curiosity into history.

J. McG. F.

Bangor, Me.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

I am surprised at your statement in The Outlook of September 11 that "there is no evidence that Jesus possessed scientific knowledge superior to that of his contemporaries." In John i., 3, I read: "All things were made *by* [through] him; and without him was not anything made that was made;" and in Colossians i., 16, "For *by* [in] him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created for [through] him and *by* [unto] him." I do not see how he could have done all this without possessing greater scientific knowledge than his contemporaries. I have been taught that science includes knowledge of ethical and psychical matters, as well as physical, but you seem to make a distinction. Please explain.

P. W. S.

1. In your response to "H. R. P." in The Outlook for September 11 you say: "There is no evidence that Jesus possessed scientific knowledge on this or any subject superior to his contemporaries." How can you say this of him *by* [in] whom were all things created? (Colossians i., 16.) Must he not have known all the facts

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about all his creations, since "all things were created *by* [unto] him, and for [through] him; and he is before all things, and *by* [in] him all things consist"? 2. If we admit that the authority of Jesus in religious matters is, like that of men, independent of his omniscience, do we not yield a point to those who deny his deity?

L. M.

We refer these two correspondents to the fact that the Revised Version decidedly changes the sense of the passages quoted by the words we have inserted above in brackets. That Christ was omniscient (see Mark xiii., 32), or that he was the Creator, is not the teaching of the Bible. This, as we construe it according to the true reading of the above and other passages, is as follows: The material creation is for the moral, the natural for the spiritual, and all things for "the revealing of the sons of God," among whom Christ ranks as "the first-born" (Romans viii., 19, 29; Colossians i., 15). In Paul's conception of the identity of the divine and human their distinction is not always sharp. Yet he does distinguish, and affirms God as the only Creator, while representing Christ as instrumental to his work. So John represents him as the One through whom all the manifestations of the Eternal have been made, in the physical and in the spiritual realm. He is the Word and the Light and the Life. But this is said of Christ, the eternal Son of God, not of Jesus, the temporal and earthly incarnation of the Son. "Through" and "unto" him—that is, not without him both as means to the end and as the end in view, who divinely represents what we are exhorted to become (Ephesians iv., 13)—have other and lower things all been brought into being, just as all parts of St. Peter's Cathedral exist for the great dome which is its glory, and come to unity in it. So "in him all things consist"—that is, hold together (see R. V., margin), realize their unity in him. In our answer of September 11 we used the word "scientific" as it was used in the query, referring to things physical.

Can you give me information concerning George Merriam, the author of "The Chief End of Man," his profession, his place of residence, and the names of other books that he has written? I noticed in a recent number of The Outlook the very interesting review of the above-mentioned book, and wish to know something of the author.

A. E. S.

Mr. Merriam resides in Springfield, Mass., and is engaged partly in business, partly in literary work. His first book, "A Living Faith," was made up of contributions to The Christian Union (now The Outlook) during his editorial connection with its pages, 1870–75. This book and "The Way of Life" (George H. Ellis, Boston) were followed by "The Story of William and Lucy Smith," "A Symphony of the Spirit" (compilation of poems), "The Chief End of Man," and "Reminiscences and Letters of Caroline C. Briggs" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston).

The Neighborhood Bible Class of which you spoke so kindly in your columns last spring is to spend the winter on the Sermon on the Mount. I write to you for a list of books bearing upon the Sermon. We plan to study in as broad and comprehensive a manner as is practicable, and shall be pleased to have suggestions.

W. C. C.

For works on the Sermon on the Mount see J. Oswald Dykes, "The Manifesto of the King;" Archbishop Tait, "The Charter of Christianity;" Tholuck, "Commentary on the Sermon on the Mount;" Wright (W. B.), "The Master and Men." For other works in part referring to the same see Shailer Mathews, "The Social Teaching of Jesus;" R. W. Dale, "Laws of Christ for Common Life;" A. B. Bruce, "The Kingdom of God."

The official residence of England at London is known as the "Court of St. James." Who was the patron saint, and when was the title established?

G.

St. James's Palace was made a royal residence by Henry VIII. It stands upon the site of the Hospital of St. James, from which circumstance it derived its name. It is more correct to say "the Court of St. James's."

I would be glad to see answer to a query some time since as to the meaning of

"And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo."

E. L. W.

It probably means the *brow* of Angelo—the noble brow as peculiar to him as the bar is to the heraldic device of a knight.

In The Outlook, Vol. 57, No. 4, p. 223, reference is made to a little book entitled "Is Eternal Punishment Endless?" Is the book to be obtained now, and where? W.

It is out of print, but a dealer in second-hand books can probably pick up a copy upon order.

Can any of the readers or editors tell me the author of the poem, and its title, beginning:

"An ivy in a dungeon grew."

It was quoted entire by the Rev. Theodore Cuyler in a recent address. D. M. T.

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For the Little People

"Painted by Dorothy for Papa"

By Edgar Wade Abbot

Peter Paul Rubens, and you, Watteau,
Masters of Art as I know you are,
Look at this picture I proudly show:
"Painted by Dorothy for Papa"!

A woodland scene, if I understand
The gorgeous colors and rich design;
Paint applied with a generous hand;
Genius apparent in every line!

What! do you say that the trees are blue,
With gamboge branches and trunks of green?
Grass is not often of crimson hue,
And purple roses are seldom seen?

Peter Paul Rubens, and you, Watteau,
Have you seen all to be seen by man?
Forests and flowers perchance may grow
Just as she's painted them—in Japan!

Back to your biding-place, jealous men!
Mine is a pleasure you cannot mar;
This is a picture beyond your ken,
"Painted by Dorothy for Papa."

Eavesdropper, the Ugly Dwarf

By Kate Goldsborough McDowell

Once there was an ugly old dwarf; though such a little *bit* of a man, he had the biggest ears you ever saw. He was such a queer-looking fellow that people would not go near him if they could help it. He lived in a place that had been named "Tattler's Row," in a little old house he called "Keyhole."

This house had but one small window, and he was always either peering through it, to see what he could see, or putting one of his big ears against it, to hear everything that people in Tattler's Row might have to say as they passed by. Then he would run to tell his next-door neighbor, Miss Busybody, what he had heard, and she would hasten to tell what he had told her, and as it was often something not very nice about some of their neighbors, this would stir up a big quarrel.

Now, these people were not bad-natured nor spiteful, and did not wish to quarrel. But they knew that so long as this ugly old dwarf, Eavesdropper, lived there, to tell all that he had heard with his big ears to Miss Busybody, there could be no peace. So, in many ways, they tried to get rid of him; but all to no purpose.

One day a fairy appeared among them whose name was Good Heart. She said: "I know what mischief Eavesdropper has done among you, and I will tell you how to cure him. Here is a bottle of magic oil. It is the 'Oil of Kindness.' Watch, and when he is asleep some time, ask Miss Busybody to steal softly in and drop some into his ears. Tell her it will be a good joke, as it will make his ears get very small. She is always ready for anything, and she will be sure to do it, just to make a stir; for she will not know that he can never bring her any more news. This oil will make his ears get so small that he will not be able to hear anything from his window again, and Miss Busybody will have to go somewhere else for her news."

They did as the good fairy had told them to do; and after Miss Busybody had poured the oil into Eavesdropper's ears they got so small you could scarcely see them. He never could hear anything at his window again, and so the people liked him much better after that. Miss Busybody, whose hands had touched the oil of kindness, and who afterwards had put her fingers to her mouth, could say nothing more about people that was not good. Then everybody in Tattler's Row stopped saying things that were not nice about each other; and in a short while the place was so changed that it was known by the name of Good-Will Valley.

How the Horse-Chestnut Got its Name

By Margaret P. Boyle

There was a great noise out on the lawn. It seemed as if all the trees were trying to see which could make the most racket.

The old oak twisted his giant arms, and at last managed to make himself heard above the others while he told of his great age, and to what a good old family he belonged, and how through many centuries they had helped to make English homes beautiful. He was going on to tell of their part in history, too,

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but before he had fairly begun the pine interrupted in a very rude way.

And, with much moaning and tossing of her stately head, she said that her family was ever so much older, and that they had traveled farther, too, away from the cold Northland, where, even amid the ice and snow, they showed their glossy green needles. Their wood was used for ships, and in many lands the pines are loved very much by the children, because it is they who give them Christmas trees.

Then the elm, with stately grace, began her story. But she could only begin, because the horse-chestnut, who stood near her, made so much noise that one really could not hear anything else but—"You have all had a great deal to tell about your age and wisdom and many wonderful qualities. But I don't believe one of you can tell me how I got my name."

There was a lull for a full second, then a saucy young spruce exclaimed, "Pshaw! any sapling can answer that. Give us something hard."

"I'll hear your answer first," said Horse-Chestnut.

"Why, it's because your fruit is so much larger and coarser than ordinary chestnuts that it is called horse-chestnut in contempt," said young Spruce.

"I thought you didn't know," was the answer; while two or three interrupted in concert, "Oh, no! we know better than that."

And Maple, who lived next to Horse-Chestnut and was very friendly with her, went on to explain: "It is because the nuts can be ground into meal that makes very good food for horses."

"Oh, Maple, have you lived next me all these years and never noticed, either? If this gale coming my way will help me, I'll show you all."

So Horse-Chestnut tried to hold one small branch out stiff, the gale helped to snap it loose, and landed it right in Maple-tree's arms.

"Now," said Horse-Chestnut, "look at the little marks all along the bark. What do they look like?"

"Horseshoes!" answered every tree who stood near enough to see. "There are just the right number of nails, and they show on the inside, too. Here is the hoof, just like a real one, and this curve is like the horse's knee."

And if any of you "little folks" would see for yourselves, cut carefully about the curved marks on the bark of a horse-chestnut twig, and you, too, will find the horseshoe, the nails, and the "frog" which Mother Nature gave Horse-Chestnut tree.

Friends

By Mary F. Butts

I was hungry one morning; my trouble I told
To a kind old apple-tree—
It swayed a little, nodded and bowed,
And shook down a red apple to me.

I was thirsty, too, and out on the grass
I set my bright silver cup—
A cloud passed over, the raindrops came,
And quickly filled it up.

At noon I said to the little brown bees,
"I have spent every cent of my money;
I would like some sweets." They led the way
To the hive, and gave me honey.

And by and by, when the sun was low,
Our gentle Coat-of-silk,
The dear little Jersey cow, came home,
And gave me a bowl of milk.

Down in the garden a bramble-bush
Gladly gave me to eat—
While the pretty flowers stood looking on—
Blackberries ripe and sweet.

When I was tired with work and play,
And the shadows came, creep, creep, creep,
Mamma heard me say my evening prayer,
And our little brook sang me to sleep.

A Mother

Up at the menagerie in Central Park a big mother lion has just had three baby lions. She was greatly charmed. The keeper, in order that the babies might have a quiet time, built a box in the corner of the lion cage with a hole in the side. For a few days the baby lions stayed in the box, but at last they decided that that was very stupid, and they spent their time running in and out of the hole in the box. This distressed their mother, for the constant friction of their pretty, soft coats against the side of the box wore their fur off, and, like all mothers, Mother Lion was very anxious that her babies should always look pretty. It was evident to those who watched her that she meant to put a stop to this destructive habit. One day last week she lay with her eyes half closed not far from the opening of the box. The trouble was that the three babies were never inside of the

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box at the same time. There was always one outside, and this was the mother's problem. While she lay there apparently half asleep the babies rushed in and out, playing tag. At one exciting moment all three were in the box at the same moment, and the mother lion sprang quickly in front of it and closed the hole with her back. The babies squeaked and squealed, but the mother lion, an expression of peace on her face, slowly wagged her tail, evidently saying to herself, "I rather think they will keep still now for a little while."

The Home Club

The Kindergarten at Home

Dear Outlook: I have a little girl of five and a boy of three. We are so far from a kindergarten that I cannot send them. What books can I buy to read to them and what appliances should I buy for them that will most nearly supply their need? What toys will be most instructive? What "house" furnishes supplies?

J. W. M.

Norfolk, Va.

"The Kindergarten in the Home," an English publication by Miss Sheriff, which can be secured through Charles Scribner's Sons (New York), is one of the most valuable of the books on the kindergarten for the use of mothers. "The Training of Child Nature," by Elizabeth Harrison (Chicago Kindergarten Association, Art Institute Building, Chicago); "The Republic of Childhood" (three vols.), by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith, and "Children's Rights," by Kate Douglas Wiggin (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), are also books indispensable to the mother who desires to be in touch with the best thought on the education of little children. The toys that will be most instructive are those that are constructed by the children. The finished toy placed in the hands of a child soon loses its interest and the child turns from it to something new—to the unknown. A train of cars made of spools and small sticks, cardboard platforms, or small boxes with holes cut in for windows will give infinitely more pleasure than the train of cars which requires a knowledge of engineering to run. There comes to the mind of the writer an incident that has been referred to before in these columns—of two boys, each the only child of its parents. These loving parents were in a financial position to gratify not merely the desires of the children for toys, but their own impulses to lavish every possible gift on the little fellows. One father was controlled by a mother who was determined that her boy should have freedom in his play. This she learned after seeing many dollars' worth of toys thrown aside as useless. The playroom was provided with a small carpenter's bench, a set of tools, nails of various sizes, a bundle of laths, and some soft pine. That boy was the king of the block. Callers were sometimes led to believe that the upper part of the house was being reconstructed, but the reconstruction was in the nerves of a small, over-stimulated boy. One day the mother of the other little unfortunate only child was calling, and during her call said, plaintively, "Dear, I wish I could see your playroom; I do not see what you can have in it that bewitches my boy; the moment he is out of bed he wants to come over here; he cries when he has to come home, as doubtless you have found out; and yet there isn't anything made for boys that you can't find in his playroom. Why, night before last his father brought him home a train of cars that cost $20. Of course he cannot play with them himself, because you have to have alcohol to make them go, and it wouldn't be safe; but his father plays with him every night and plays with him in the morning; but he doesn't care a fig for those toys. I wish you would let me see your boy's playroom." The two mothers went to the bright, sunny room at the top of the house. Every toy that had been bought and given to the small boy was in its proper place on the shelves, but the room was littered with shavings and chips of wood, and the boys were wildly excited over the construction of a hen-house. Probably there was not a hen within four miles of that house, but that made no difference to the boys; they weren't interested in the occupant, although there may have been the vague idea of the hatching out of eggs that hadn't yet been laid.

In some homes the main difficulty is that even the kindergarten cannot be introduced into the home without a certain amount of litter. There should be a sand table that could be easily moved, even if it had to be a drawer taken out of a closet and put on the floor, that a child could use freely in his own

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home; and the litter might be avoided by placing on the floor a covering of denim or some other material that could be easily shaken. That home is very incompletely furnished which does not have in it a low table with a generous expanse of surface that can be covered with an oilcloth. The top of this table should be the child's kingdom. Give him clay and leave him untrammeled. A small boy of three years was brought into a kindergarten this fall. In the morning circle the story of the Three Bears was told. This small boy, though it was only his second day, listened breathlessly to the story. When he was given clay, he looked up brightly and said, "I can make a lump of sugar;" and he produced in the clay the perfect cube, which of course he wanted fed to the bear. Many a mother could secure for herself hours of leisure if, immediately after breakfast, she could make up her mind to do the dusting at eleven o'clock instead of ten, wash the dishes at half-past eleven, or do lunch and breakfast dishes together, or make any other adjustment in her work which would leave her one half-hour in which to tell the children stories and start them in their day; and wise mothers are learning this. The saving on the wear and tear of nerves would prevent much of the friction and nervous irritation that destroy the happiness in too many of our American homes. The time to weave the strongest cords between the child, his mother, and his home is in childhood. Unless there is sympathy in pleasures and employments; unless there is a full recognition of a child's rights to freedom, to space, to ownership, to exercise the right of hospitality, the rift in the lute appears there, and discord begins to be heard where God meant there should be perfect harmony.

The Common Fault

The Philadelphia "Ledger" recently contained an editorial entitled "The Cultivation of Punctuality," in which it lays down two sound rules, which, if followed, would cure the habit of unpunctuality. The first rule is, "Always begin in time to get ready;" and the second is, "When there are several things to be done, decide which is the most important and do that first;" two rules which, if followed, would certainly reduce the sum total of friction in the lives of many women. The waste of time, not only of one's own time, but the waste which one causes by not keeping engagements promptly, has retarded the world's progress. Time wasted can never be redeemed by hurry. It is gone from us, and we can spend life chasing it. Doubtless the "Ledger" is perfectly right when it says that it is the lack of arranging the order of what one does that causes this waste of time. How many women will leave the matter of dressing as the last act of several that must be performed before a given time, and look up suddenly to find that it is impossible to dress with care in the space of time left! How much better it would be to dress first, and perform such duties as could be attended to after one's toilet is completed! How often one has to face a careful hostess, who looks frightened and distressed because she arranged the flowers on the dinner-table before she arranged her toilet, and then failed to leave herself time to dress as she would like to dress! Had she rearranged the order of her activities, she would have arranged the flowers when ready to receive her guests, and, feeling that time could not be wasted, would have spent less time in rearranging her table decorations, often with very much better results. How much time is wasted in committee-meetings every woman who has any outside activities knows. This is so well recognized that in drawing up constitutions a small quorum of the board of managers is always arranged for, with the full recognition that the lack of punctuality makes a large quorum impossible. Every mother, in fact every housewife, knows how much punctuality means if carefully developed in the family. Meals delayed are the obstructions to the household machinery, and prevent its running without friction and waste. Perhaps no training is more important than training in punctuality and order.

Not Uncommon

We hear so much of the value of careful dieting that the following story by Mr. Zangwill will be fully appreciated:

Mr. I. Zangwill, at a recent dinner of the Maccabees, told the following story: "The fat girl of C., gentlemen, is not a myth, nor a show person, but a solid private reality that I have seen. Her fatness weighed upon her, so she went to a physician to be rid of some of it. He drew up a careful dietary; she was to eat dry toast, plain boiled beef, etc., and to return in a month to report reduction. At the end of the month she could hardly get through the doctor's doorway. He was aghast. 'Did you eat what I told you?' he asked. 'Religiously.' His brow wrinkled itself. Suddenly he had a flash of inspiration. 'Anything else?' he asked. 'My ordinary meals.'"

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